

PART 50 One more Part completes
this Series

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THE GREAT WAR. **I WAS THERE!**

UNDYING MEMORIES OF 1914-1918

Edited by
**SIR JOHN
HAMMERTON**

Editor of
WORLD WAR 1914-1918

Writer of
FORGOTTEN MEN
The Famous War Film

Look Out for an
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
of the **NEW SERIES** in Part 51



LITERARY CONTENTS OF THIS PART

With Acknowledgements to Authors and Publishers

WEEK by week we acknowledge here our indebtedness to the many authors and publishers without whose courteous permission to reprint selected pages from the books written and published by them the compilation of the present work could not have been achieved. In our volumes as finally bound these acknowledgements will be repeated in the preliminary pages.

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Leaves from the Editor's Note-Book

John Carpenter House, London, E.C.4

SINCE the announcement in Part 43 of the continued publication of I WAS THERE in the New Series, my readers' approval of this scheme has been even warmer than I had anticipated. I am encouraged thereby to go ahead at full speed with the New Series. At the moment I cannot do more than underline the notes that I made last week concerning the scope of the New Series which, I feel sure, will meet in full the almost universal demand of my readers for more, and yet more, of the really "human story" of the Great War. I can only ask them to wait until next week's issue for the detailed programme of the New Series which will include lists of some of the many thrilling chapters that have already been selected for inclusion.

NEXT week's Part completes the three volumes of the present series of I WAS THERE. I shall have something to say then in the nature of a farewell to the friends who have written to me so frequently and in such large numbers during the publication of these first three volumes, and also a welcome to both old and new friends whom I hope to meet, fortnight by fortnight, in this Note-Book in the New Series.

IMUST again counsel all subscribers to read and mark well the important details of the binding schemes for I WAS THERE enumerated on the back cover of this and succeeding Parts. With Part 51 will come the end of the third and final volume, and readers who apply early will have their binding orders dealt with first of all. I am indulging in no editorial flight of fancy when I emphasize the very handsome appearance of these volumes on the bookshelf, and their exceptional lasting qualities.

COMPLIMENTING me on the general excellence of I WAS THERE—"a revelation," he calls it—Mr. A. C. Quinlan, ex-Driver of the R.F.A., is especially interested in the description of the German "push" of March 21, 1918. He raises a point which I touched upon in these Notes some weeks back:

"We started from Epéhy and ended at Corbie, our battery being almost captured twice en route. To me the retreat was so puzzling. We were like sheep, led on by somebody. We knew nothing were told nothing, and it has struck me since that things in general would have been done more completely and with more heart, and, no doubt, better results, had we been given a little lecture by the one in charge, for, after all, we were volunteers and not peace-time soldiers. I remember while on our long trek back along the French roads we were suddenly ordered to 'about turn,' and then go back the way we had come for miles and then go back as suddenly again without doing a thing. Retracing our steps was all so vague and empty to men who were more intelligent and who could have helped if they had been enlightened."

But, says Mr. Quinlan, things were much better after the first day or so of the retreat. "Orderly" and "well-planned" are the adjectives he uses to describe the change that came over the direction of things.

IAM unable to reply personally to another reader, Mr. L. Shepherd, because he omitted to include an address on his letter. I hope that he always reads this Note-Book with as much care as he peruses the text pages of I WAS THERE, for in that case he will certainly catch sight of this reference.

As a Bomber in "D" Company, 2/5th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, Mr. Shepherd is disappointed that his particular unit has not been mentioned in our work.

"Perhaps some of the old 2/5th will remember Jerry shelling a battalion over the road from us in front of Poperinghe? Afterwards our officers came round asking for volunteers to go over to what had been a camp to do what we could for the casualties. What a sight met us. I shall never forget it."

As I have explained before in these notes, it is a physical

[Continued in page iii of this wrapper



MEN OF A VERY MIXED FORCE

Above are men of "Dunsterforce," whose extraordinary exploits near Baku in August 1918 are described by Mr. Wood in Chapter 366. The troops in the lorry, who belong to the 7th N. Staffordshire and 9th Royal Warwickshire, under the command of Major Ley, D.S.O., are leaving Baku for the front line. Besides the N. Staffordshire and the Warwickshire, "Dunsterforce" included a company of the 9th Worcestershire and a party of the 1/4th Hampshire.

Imperial War Museum



GALLIPOLI VETERANS ON ANZAC DAY

These officers and men, who served in Gallipoli, are waiting to place wreaths on the Cenotaph on Anzac Day, 1939. Holding the 29th Division wreath is General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle; on his right are Lord Milne, Major Cohen, in wheeled chair, and Colonel G. R. B. Crosfield. Three representatives of the Diggers Abroad Association are seen on the right of the photograph. They are, from left to right, Frank Brent, S. Diamond and A. E. Jones. They were three of the original Anzacs, having joined up together at Melbourne on August 18, 1914, and later embarked for Egypt in the S.S. Hora, proceeding in the following April, but they never met until the Royal Review in London in 1936. Each one is an active member of the Diggers Abroad Association, Mr. Diamond being Chairman, Mr. Brent Treasurer, and Mr. Jones Secretary.

Walter Burt Photos

I FOUGHT with PERSIANS, ARMENIANS and RUSSIANS

And Endured Horrors of Turkish Captivity

by Police-Sergeant Wood, D.C.M.

SERGEANT WOOD, who served with the Royal Warwickshire Regt. in Mesopotamia and on the Caspian, had the misfortune, when fighting with Armenians and Russians, to be captured by the Turks. He endured great hardships and witnessed scenes of incredible horror. At home he was mourned for dead—but he survived and was repatriated in January 1919. He afterwards joined the Coventry City Police Force

WE advanced to a position about four miles from Baghdad. During the night Very lights could be seen going up in the air around Baghdad. The following morning, March 11, 1917, to our intense disappointment, we were marched round the outskirts of Baghdad instead of marching through the city, and picketed down in a palm grove some distance north of the city. It was 120 degrees in the shade, and no one was allowed out of the grove between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. We were allowed a pass into the city, but it was none too safe for a few days as Arabs were sniping continually.

Baghdad city is surrounded by a high mud wall, as is the Ctesiphon Arch, which stands on the left bank of the Tigris, some miles below Baghdad. This arch can be seen for miles on a clear day. It was at Ctesiphon where General Townshend had his reverse [see illustration in page 919], and we, too, were held up just outside the arch. A terrible sandstorm came on and the cavalry galloped right through the advancing troops into the Turks. There were scores of men and horses lying all around.

AT Baghdad we had our first taste of bread for about three months. It was mouldy, too. After the bread was used up we went on Indian rations—flour, etc. We left and struck across country to the Bakuba railway and on towards Deli-Abbas, where we had several attacks and drove the Turks back into the hills. From Deli-Abbas we retired to Abu-Saida on the Diahla River, and dug a strong block-house line, where we remained until just after Christmas, 1917. I remember we had wild goose for dinner on Christmas Day. Geese were plentiful, and wild boar, too.

From there about 17 N.C.O.s and

men who had been with the battalion the longest had leave granted to them to go to India. We travelled from a spot near Samara by boat to Basra, and caught a transport boat to India. It took a month to get from the line to Bombay. And then we travelled by train to Belgaum, the Warwicks' depot.

FROM there a party of us went to Kasauli, up in the mountains. It was a six days' trip through the mountains, passes, and forests. It was a glorious trip, with plenty of everything. Our leave started from the time we left the depot, so that we had about a fortnight at Kasauli. We all had a batman, an Indian boy. We were able to have a shave in bed and boots and buttons cleaned spick and span. We left Bombay for Basra, then went up stream by boat, and entrained for Baghdad. From there we went by boat to Samara. We marched across country to Abu-Saida and joined the battalion just in time to attack the Turks at the foot of the Persian Hills.

The Warwickshires made the frontal attack, and in the advance a piece of shrapnel pierced my steel helmet. We captured about 2,000 prisoners, and pushed on to Kifri and Kirkuk, where the Turks made the last stand. More prisoners were captured, and the rest retired towards Mosul, with the cavalry in pursuit. From there we went by motor lorry to Hamadan in Persia. There was evidence that the Russians had been as far as Kermanshah. Guns, ammunition, ambulance wagons, horses and mules were lying everywhere.

There were some pitiful sights on the journey. The Persians were starving and walking about almost nude. When we emptied our dixies they would fight for the tea leaves and eat them like pigs eating sharps. There were miles of cemeteries, which would show that they



ON THE EVE OF ADVENTURE

Above is Mr. Wood photographed at Swanage when he was in the 13th Training Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment. Since joining the police he has risen to the rank of sergeant.

had suffered from a plague at some time or other.

At the entrance to Kermanshah there were dead horses, mules, and human beings being eaten by vultures. The smell was horrible.

WE stayed at Hamadan for two weeks.

The platoon was picked for advance guard for the battalion. It was my job to go on a day's march in front of the battalion, buy the beasts and sheep, have them slaughtered, and when the battalion came in sight to get ready to move off again. It was a forced march to the Caspian Sea. Some days we did 18 miles and others 20 or 30 miles. We passed through glorious scenery, golden corn and grape vines. When we reached Resht it was no trouble to get meat. The Persians were slaughtering at the side of the main street, with the blood running down the gutter. They stared at us like wild men. No doubt we were the first English troops to pass through.

They were harmless. We picketed a few miles outside Resht for the night, and just as we had got the fire going under the dixies an old Persian came along and told us that when the sun went down the wind would come up and blow the dixies off the fire. He was right, too. It appeared that every night a wind rose at that time.

Our march from there was through thick forests, until we reached Enzeli,



THEY 'MOPPED UP' THE TURKS IN MESPOT

By the end of 1917 victory was in sight in Mesopotamia and the Turks were finally beaten by a crushing defeat at Khan Bagdadi on March 27, 1918. The British success was greatly helped by the increased use of armoured cars, one of which is seen in the top photograph after rounding up Turkish and Arab prisoners. Below, British cavalry, with a transport wagon in the foreground, are seen in December 1917 in a pass of the Jabal Hamrin, a long sandy ridge north of Bagdad on which there had been heavy fighting.

Imperial War Museum

1980



THEY FOUGHT AGAINST FEARFUL ODDS

Above is "Dirty Volcano" photographed before the Turkish attacks of August 26, 1918. The British troops were outnumbered by about five to one, but they inflicted heavy losses on the Turkish forces before they were obliged to relinquish the position and they defeated the enemy's plan of breaking through to Baku.

Imperial War Museum

a port on the South Caspian Sea. Here we boarded an old Russian transport and eventually arrived at Baku. As near as I can remember it was about August 20, 1918. We stayed in a Russian school for one night and then marched out of Baku to the hills a few miles away and to the oil well.

We were supposed to have been taken up into the line by Cossack cavalry, but we soon found they were nothing more than Tartars. As we were marching to take up our position, ready to attack the Turks, a terrible sandstorm came up and we had to go into it blindfolded, as it were, with pieces of our shirts tied over our eyes. It was the worst sandstorm I ever witnessed. However, during a late August evening we dug in on the left of the Armenians, about 6,000 strong. We were almost without food or water, but what the Armenians had we shared. They were a decent lot, but very undisciplined. They left the trenches in scores to fetch water, only to be mown down by machine-gun fire. They had no fear of death.

ON August 26, 1918, the Turks attacked the North Staffs on a hill in our rear, called Dirty Volcano. As far as we knew they took only one prisoner alive. That was a sergeant, badly wounded. Others were chopped up by the cavalry. This attack we saw quite clearly. During the evening the Turkish forces moved to the foot of the hill

where at the top we were dug in. There was a large number of Russian troops on our right, including about 30 Russian women in uniform. During the night two of my platoon, a Russian corporal, two Russian privates, and I went out on patrol, and got within a few yards of the Turks. So close were we that I could see the fire from their rifles. The corporal said "Yokishi," and we went to the right flank.

It was lucky for us the corporal was with us, for as we walked into the Russian outpost they opened fire. The corporal gave the password in Russian and we were O.K. The corporal set about two of the men with the butt of his rifle. At daybreak the Turks attacked the hill in hundreds. Their artillery put up a heavy bombardment. Our only support was one Russian 18-pounder, one Russian machine-gun, one Lewis gun, and our rifles.

We were being sniped from our left rear, and we soon learnt that it was the Turks who were sniping. The Armenians had received orders to retire during the night and our left flank was exposed to the Turks. We were firing at the Turks until they were 20 yards away. Seeing that we were outnumbered a Russian captain gave orders to retire. At

that time all our ammunition had gone. We retired for a few hundred yards, and then lined a ridge to make believe we were going to make a stand. Hundreds of cavalry were close on us ready to charge. Seeing we were lined behind the ridge they galloped back. Later, on perceiving no shots were fired at them, they made the final charge. They came galloping at us like wild men, foaming at the mouth. Those who stood up in their path were chopped up by the sabres, those who fell flat on the ground escaped for the time being.

They lined up to charge us again and finish us off as they did the Staffs Regiment, but luckily for us a young cavalry officer rode up and turned his revolver on his men and stopped their advance. The officer motioned us to take off our equipment, which we readily did, without any argument. The Turks were like wild men; they took a lot of holding. The Turkish general shook hands with several of us, saying "Enemies once, friends now." There were about 17 of our lads lying near, some with their arms chopped off, some in a far worse plight.

We were marched back to Turkish headquarters, several miles behind the line.



BRITISH GRAVES IN A FAR-OFF LAND

Here is the scene at the funeral of the first British soldiers to be killed at Baku, with soldiers of "Dunsterforce" and a few of the people of Baku standing by the graves. The Union Jacks with a crown on a white circle in the centre are British Consular Service flags. "Dunsterforce" arrived at Baku across the Caspian Sea from Enzeli, after travelling 700 miles from Bagdad in motor lorries, not without enemy resistance. On August 4 the first British troops, a party of the 1/4th Hampshire Regt., reached Baku, but the force was not complete until August 24.

As we were marching along we met an Armenian, his wife, and two sweet little children about seven years of age. We were halted, whilst the Turkish officer spoke to them. No sooner had he said a word than all four were lying dead with revolver bullets through them.

The man was also struck on the head with the butt of a rifle. A Russian peasant working near by met the same fate.

When we arrived at headquarters we were placed in some Armenian houses, packed like pigs. An old man and woman lay dead where I was. During the night the Turks came in and stripped us of all clothing, except helmet, shirt, and shorts. When we paraded without boots and stockings outside headquarters next morning to march to the rail head, our officer, Lieutenant Rogers, was deeply grieved when he saw us. He appealed to the Turks, but it was no good. We marched off to the rail head, 10 or 12 miles across rough ground, stubble, gorse, and stones. By that time we were all hungry and thirsty.

DRANK LIKE CAMELS

BEFORE we reached the rail head we called at a bakehouse and were given two loaves of wet bread, with straw in it, and water. We drank like camels. A Turkish officer took our photographs. I should like one of those snaps very much. Eventually we arrived at the rail head, a place called Belajari. We were placed in two cattle trucks, with wet horse manure on the floor. The stench and mosquitoes were terrible. This we had to endure for more than a week. When we arrived at Elizabetopol, 300 miles up country, we were marched round the town.

We looked a pretty sight, too. Later that day we were placed in a Russian prison. There were about 50 of us, including several English civilians who had been taken from the copper mines. The menu consisted of a buffalo head each day and hot water for 7 a.m. and 5 p.m. We never saw any meat. The Turks saw to that. The bread ration was very light, not enough to keep our strength going. It was wet and full of straw.

As time went on things got worse. We were verminous and very weak. I was suffering from toothache day and night. The Turks had no appliances to pull out teeth. We were threatened with death time after time. Russians and Armenians were taken out nearly every day to face the firing squad. They were stripped naked and brought into the place where we slept with sabre

wounds on their bodies. We were threatened with the same fate. There were very few Russians and Armenians in prison who escaped this fate.

From my own experiences I do not think there is anything worse than hunger and thirst, and we were having more than our share of it. Men could be seen sitting by the dustbin gnawing at the bones from a buffalo's head, just like dogs.

SERGEANT HORTON, of No. 4 Platoon, and I were marched to Turkish headquarters under a revolver, dagger, sabre and rifle guard. There we were told by an interpreter that if we did not tell the Turks how we were placed in Baku and beyond we should be shot. I said we might as well be shot as go back to prison, where we were dying a slow death. We said nothing more, but were allowed to live.

On November 11 the Turks came into our room about 5 a.m. with fixed bayonets. They were shouting like madmen. We thought they had come to carry out their threats, but they

came to tell us, "Alliman finish." They were mad with joy. I must say it was a relief to us.

After the Armistice we were allowed to go out in the town, but it was none too safe being in Turkish uniform with three months' beard. Anything might have happened. Sniping was going on day and night. We stayed in prison for about three weeks after that, and were sent under Turkish escort back to Baku.

At Belajari railway station the Russian station master was shot for refusing to run our train off the lines. We arrived at the Staffordshires' headquarters, and they thought we were Turks. We explained our nationality and were placed in a Russian hospital. We discarded our clothing and were very pleased to get rid of it. We were glad to get clean, and very soon found ourselves picking up in health. We lost two of our men in hospital. We all suffered more than words can tell.

We spent a pleasant Christmas with the lads in Baku, and finally left for home in January, 1919.



'JOHNNY TURK' WILL FIGHT NO MORE

Above, officers and men in Mesopotamia are about to celebrate the Armistice with Turkey, first posing to be photographed with a rather meagre array of bottles among so many. Armistice Day for the troops in Mesopotamia was October 30, 1918, on which date Turkey consented to what was practically an unconditional surrender. Germany was then left with only one ally, Austria-Hungary, whose surrender followed on November 3.

Hellard

SMOKE of a LITTLE CHIMNEY

The Old Lady Who Lived On In Shell-Shattered Arras

by The Editor

NOTHING could be more moving than the courage and tenacity with which the humble French folk clung to their homes frequently through war's most terrible phases. It was often only under military compulsion that they eventually left, though living under incessant shell fire. It is of such an old heroine of France that I here write. Her I never saw, but clear evidence of her occupation of a house threatened hourly with destruction was shown to me. The smoke still wreathed upwards from her kitchen chimney

THERE is a city of Northern France whose history is interwoven with that of many a war since the days of the Vandals. In the morning twilight of the ages it bowed its head to various strange conquerors, and in modern times also foreign lords strove for it, some of them leaving beautiful memorials of their occupation in quaint and curious architecture.

But in the late years before the Great War it had long turned its thoughts from battle, and a fine cathedral sense of peace pervaded its quiet and twisting streets, its great cobbled squares, its cool arcades of antique masonry. Its mind was given entirely to the ways of peace, and the whirl of wheels in its industrial quarters sang likewise a song of peace.

Like a shock of doom all was changed one day, when the grey-green tribes of modern Huns poured through Belgium and flooded into the northern provinces of France. This peaceful old city became a mart of fear, of incommunicable terrors. The grey-green flood lipped into it; those ancient cobbled streets heard again the clatter of the invader's cavalry; the burghers had to flee. But only for fourteen days did these advanced guards of the barbaric hordes befoul its immemorial streets with their presence. The battle of the Marne made them withdraw, though only a little way off; indeed, within the outer suburbs of the town they were able to entrench and hold their ground for two years and a half.

ONE LONG MARTYRDOM

THE martyrdom of Arras! Some day a great writer of France will arise to thrill future generations with its immortal story. Ypres was a tragedy, a cataclysm more utter than that which at once overwhelmed and preserved Pompeii. Arras, like Rheims, suffered

one long martyrdom; peaceful things strove patiently for life amid the inferno of war. While most of the civilian inhabitants had to leave their homes, a few hundred continued to stay on, but not until the great battle that opened in the spring of 1917 did the steady shelling of the devoted city ease down to intermittent bursts of "hate," and eventually to an occasional and random long-range shell meant for the railway station, though rarely nearing its target.

The civic affairs of the town were carried on by stolid citizens, who had to meet in underground places when the great guns were belching their steel and flame and gas upon the city, shattering into atoms its cathedral and its glorious old town hall.

THE old Spanish arcaded houses, which made the Grand' Place and the Petite Place unforgettable pictures, were battered and maimed by many a hit. Yet along these very arcades, heaped high with protective sandbags, the little boys and girls of Arras, who remained, still went to school, wearing their gas-masks in case of poison shells "coming over."

What a picture of war was this! The unspeakable monstrosity of it, born in the foul brains of modern fiends, is hardly credible, even when you walked these tortured streets of ruined houses, and stood within the remaining scraps of the cathedral. The town hall, a jewel of Gothic art, was pounded into dust, as completely as that of Ypres.

At two different seasons during the war years I lingered amid the ruins and life of Arras—in late autumn and again in early spring. But I cannot now recall any difference of the days, for my thoughts were solely of the wonderful people who still lived here, clinging

pathetically to their shell-ravaged town—of them and the scenes of destruction at every turn. Golden days or grey could make little difference to Arras while the war endured. Yet there was gold of thought to bring away.

HOW wonderful to see these old women with their market baskets gossiping with the fruitseller, whose windows had been so shattered by many bombardments that thin boards of wood had to replace the glass! There passes a lady in neatest costume of Paris cut, her "bonne" by her side, French fashion, to help in the pitiful shopping. And any moment the alarm of a whining shell might be heard.

The tenacity of human life and habits even in the heart of war was the best response to the ruthless who had hoped to make life unendurable wherever their guns could range. Humanity is stronger than all the diabolic machinery of a race of devils, and will spring up afresh when devilishness has done its worst.

There were women and children in Arras in those days, for all the high explosives and gas shells that had burst in the streets and among the houses of their grey old town. And, by that token, women would laugh again, and children play their old familiar games in Arras streets.

STILL CARRYING ON

THIS was the thought that was with me, rather than sorrow for the ruined cathedral—which I held in small esteem when first I saw it many years ago—as I stood upon its shell-bitten steps and looked at the scene of ruin around me. The many picturesque old houses, where not a soul could live, roofless, their façades gone, exposing sad, intimate reminders of those who had to flee, but—could it be fancy? There, across the way, was smoke up-curling! Instantly those well-remembered lines of W. A. Mackenzie came to me:

I hear my mither callin'—
An' O! my he'rt is sair
For the smoke o' little chimneys
In the dim blue air.

The house from whose chimney this sweetest sight of peaceful days was showing had no windows left in its upper storeys, and on the ground floor one window was boarded up, while the other still boasted a few cracked panes of glass.

"An old lady who has refused to leave her home through all the bombardments still lives there," I was told.

Whenever the shells were falling near, she went down to her cellar, and after all these years she was still "carrying on."

**THOSE WHO FOUGHT AND
THOSE WHO DIED
AT ARRAS**



Above and below are scenes at the battle of Arras 1917, during which the Canadians won immortal fame by taking Vimy Ridge. In the top photograph an officer of a Highland regiment with his orderly are seen with their helmet trophies. In that below, German and British wounded, with all the bitterness of war forgotten for the moment, are making their way together towards a dressing station.

Imperial War Museum

Above is the Faubourg d'Amiens British Cemetery on the outskirts of Arras. In it are buried 2,395 soldiers from the United Kingdom, 152 Canadians, 60 South Africans, 23 New Zealanders, 9 Indians, 6 British West Indians, and 1 Newfoundlanders. Seen in the background of the photograph is the Arras Memorial, commemorating the names of 35,942 missing soldiers of the British Empire who fell in the neighbourhood of Arras, but whose graves are unknown. A special obelisk forming part of the Arras Memorial records the names of the officers and men of the Royal Air Force who were killed on the Western Front but whose graves are unknown.

Gilson MacCormack





Oh, brave old lady of Arras! You typify the spirit of immortal France, of unconquerable humanity. Much would I have given to meet you, to look into your old eyes that have seen the wonder and the terror of those dread days and nights, whose memorials are these heaps of shapeless stones; to see that home to which you have clung, and which will surely be a place of pilgrimage some day—but I could not venture within your sanctuary, in prying spirit, at such a time. I was content to know that the splendid women of the land of Joan of Arc were still worthy of a hero race.

THINK of what this old lady of Arras had endured, if, indeed, thought can compass it—the flight of all her friends and neighbours; the incessant thunder of the guns for four frightful years; those awful days and nights when screaming shells unnumbered burst across the road there on the cathedral roofs or walls, and millions of fragments shivered to atoms the windows and doors of all the houses around; the awesome crash of falling towers and foundering gables; a pandemonium of all noises and terrors—and down in her cellar this old woman waiting, waiting for the shell that will end her waiting. And it never comes.

No imagined terror of Edgar Allan Poe can approach the awful realities



WHERE A HEROINE OF FRANCE HELD HER GROUND

Right through the war one of the most remarkable stories of human endurance is associated with the scene in the photograph immediately above, as it is today, viewed from the steps at the N.E. door of Arras Cathedral. In a house that stood here the old lady who owned it continued to live, though bombardments had reduced it to a mere ruin. The story is told in the Editor's "Wrack of War" in the chapter entitled "The Smoke of a Little Chimney." The top photograph, taken in the Grand' Place in September 1917, shows how fierce was the bombardment that the old lady faced.

Imperial War Museum and A. J. Insall, copyright A.P. Ltd.

through which this old lady of Arras must have lived, and all the world should know that on a spring day of 1918 the smoke of her little chimney was still curling up, gloriously, defiantly, heavenwards.

When I revisited in the spring of

1938 the house of this war memory, long since completely rebuilt in its pre-war outwardness, I found no one in the neighbourhood who recalled anything, even in the haziest way, about my old lady of Arras! And such is the way of life.

Some Other Aspects

1914—1918

TOUCHING on widely different aspects of the War, a number of supplementary chapters of general interest are here gathered together. ¶ H. M. Tomlinson, author of many well-known books, tells of his experiences as a war correspondent at the front, and Leslie Henson, the actor, of his famous war concert party "The Gaieties." ¶ The life of a civil prisoner of war at Ruhleben is described by Percy Brown, while Major Cardinal-Harford relates his experiences when in charge of under-age boys who had been removed from the line. His life as a prisoner of war on the German raider Wolf is told by R. Alexander, and Lt.-Col. Richardson describes the training of war dogs. ¶ The Rev. P. B. Clayton pays a wonderful tribute to his old batman at Talbot House, Poperinghe, and this miscellaneous section concludes with two accounts of pilgrimage to the former battlefields: to Gallipoli by Stanton Hope and to Flanders by H. Williamson.

* 368 1914—1918

We CORRESPONDENTS Saw WAR

But Were Forbidden to Tell the Truth

by H. M. Tomlinson

THE men in the trenches disliked and derided the War Correspondent; and they had reason. I was a correspondent, so I ought to know. But let me explain a thing or two about the job of reporting War. In the first place, experience in the Great War made it abundantly clear that Truth can be far more shocking than a squadron of bombers; and so Truth is war's first casualty. She must be put out deliberately, or the war could not be carried on.

But in August 1914 few people guessed that. Most of us thought in Boer and Crimean terms about news from the battle zone. Most anxiously, we wanted the truth about it. We did not understand that it was unattainable. Nobody knew the truth, not even the Great Generals, who were trying to manage chaos.

Joffre himself didn't know, and would not believe when he was told in September 1914, that the German right wing under Von Kluck was marching east, and not south to occupy Paris, as he supposed, and that city, by the way, was already abandoned by the Government. I was there. On the very day when Joffre should have begun to make new dispositions, he had moved into fresh headquarters still farther south, with his mind still on retirement, and was cut off from news of what was really the deciding factor in the war. Could I have reported that at the time? What good would it have done?

For most of the first year of the Great War, though official war correspondents had been appointed by the newspapers,

and approved by the War Office, Lord Kitchener allowed those accredited journalists only the liberty to exercise their horses. (Horses! How those nags give away the queer notion everybody at the time had of the nature of a conflict of industrial societies!) Still, many unofficial correspondents took chances, which were risky, and Philip Gibbs, of the "Daily Chronicle," W. E. Massey, of the "Daily Telegraph," and I for the "Daily News," scuttled about France together.

Gibbs in his books has related some of our doings of those early days—it was a very hot autumn—getting out of a village one end while the Germans were coming in at the other; being arrested as spies by the French, and threatened with grave penalties by the British authorities.

WE ESCAPED THE CENSOR

How we managed to slip past it all I don't know, but the three of us did get into London, on Black Sunday in August 1914, the day that the overthrow of the British Expeditionary Force had been announced, and we had a quite different but more accurate and heartening story. We were also the first to get home with a long account of the German retreat from the Marne; and that retreat, we know now, tipped the beam against Germany. But we were caught by Authority, and silenced before the end of the year.

Gibbs and I were appointed official correspondents at G.H.Q. in France, May 1915. It was at St. Omer then. Valentine Williams was there for the

"Daily Mail," his younger brother for Reuters, and Percival Phillips for the "Morning Post." (Massey had gone to Egypt, and Nevinson to the Dardanelles.) Beach Thomas joined in a little later. Our stories were shared by all the British press. Our chief press officer was Major Stuart of the Indian Army, assisted by Captains Faunthorpe, Reynolds and Hesketh-Prichard. They were gentlemen it was a privilege to know. Moreover, they were men of wide experience in other fields than war. Not one of them had any respect for his job with us, for the simple reason that it was already fairly apparent that the innocent publication of only little facts could have disastrous consequences. So what could we write? Nothing but gammon to cheer the home front. You see, it was so difficult to recognize the facts which would be informative yet harmless, when in print. That was why so many of our stories amused or else infuriated the Tommies.

IN that May the war was "stabilized."

That is to say, the armies had gone underground. They were locked in trenches and wire from the North Sea to the Alps; and the plain truth is (we know that much now) none of the generals knew what to do about it. All the old science and art of war, flanks to be turned and a centre to be pierced, had become as obsolete as wig stands and crinolines. There were no flanks and no centre. But the strategists were too proud to recognize the nature of the dilemma.

A day had come when factory plant, transport, and the "spirit of the people" were as important as holding the line. Science and industrial organization had introduced into war forces which an Aldershot training could not be expected to understand—and did not. I won't say that in the war correspondents' house just outside St. Omer all this was fully understood at the time, but some members of it were aware that war correspondence, old style, was with bows and arrows, just as were the lessons of battles learned on Salisbury Plain.



WATCHING A BATTLE IN THE BLUE

Mr. Tomlinson's assertion that the idea that war correspondents were not allowed to get themselves killed was a fable is borne out by this photograph. Four war correspondents in tin hats are in a trench just behind the line watching an aerial combat. On the right of the group is Mr. (now Sir Philip) Gibbs, representing the "Daily Chronicle."

Imperial War Museum

Certainly we correspondents saw war. The idea that we were not allowed to get ourselves killed is just a fable. Even thus early, we spent time in the trenches. But what of it? Suppose one chanced to get a strong dose of shells and was lucky to get out of it: of what importance was it? The war had become an established industry for the wholesale and monotonous output of death. All we could do was to describe the routine in so vast and dreadful a factory; and if a man makes a romance of that, that man is a liar.

AND do not forget the Censor. We correspondents were not allowed to forget him. He lived with us. The office of censorship, which moves in a rum way its wonders to perform, is not condemned by me, for in modern war it is as essential as money and artillery; yet I am well aware of its grave potential danger. At first, it permitted us to mention the fact that following a battle

the dead of both sides were noticeable. A time came when it allowed only German dead on the battleground. Later still, no dead were permitted, and a terrific affair could be as bloodless—in our reports—as the business of a curate's sewing-circle.

Despite its absurdities, censorship of all words out of the zone of war is indispensable. I may instance the fact that while we were at St. Omer, and Sir John French was commanding, he permitted one day an old army friend to visit Sir Douglas Haig's sector of the line. This visitor wrote and published in a London paper, without submitting it to the official censor in France, an account of what he saw; and to give reality to his story, and to show he had been on the spot, he indicated some topography. The result was that a day or two later the enemy gave that part of the line a very accurate doing.

This was no fault of the war corre-

spondents, but Haig, most illogically, then refused to allow us into his territory, and maintained that attitude for some time. But Haig never did like us. He suffered us, when he was in full command, because he had to. But we were civilians. What have civilians to do with so recondite a matter as the waging of warfare? Nothing whatever. How silly were the intrigues arising from prejudice that went on behind the lines! Silly? No, cruel and wasteful of men, energy and intelligence. But you will never cure it! In war confident ignorance will continue to do as much harm as the enemy. If you want to know more about it, read Montague's "Disenchantment."

So what did we do with ourselves all day long? From St. Omer we went to Tilques, and from there to Rollencourt, a great house by the field of Agincourt. It was in that house that Haig and the army and corps generals met once a month, and there they planned the Battle of the Somme. During that battle—it went on for about eight months, more or less acutely—the correspondents had an advanced base in the city of Amiens.

So we had a chance to see a great battle? No. Nobody can view all a modern battle. I remember one day, when a thaw and several desertions had thrown out a plan for battle—we had two and a half divisions engaged that day—I was on the spot early. A mist was about, in which were flashes and bangs. Walking wounded were coming down a road towards us out of the mist. That was most of the activity. “What has happened so far, sir?” I was idiot enough to ask that of the general running the show. “How the hell should I know, sir,” he said. Of course he didn’t know. And the soldiers right in it knew less. Joss is really the general in command, up to some game or other in that spread of smoke, flames, bangs, and aid posts.

SLAVES OF MONOTONY

BUT major engagements were rare. Most of our time was sheer boredom. Monotony and vermin are principal features of war. A correspondent had all the leisure he needed to plan his work for the day. Maybe he preferred to stay in the Château. It was warmer there, in winter. After all, we had the Corps reports to read. They told us all there was to know. Why go out? We knew what was in the line. We had seen it often enough. For it is a fact that some of us knew what it was to “go over the top.” We had done that.

If any old soldier thinks we war correspondents did not know what his feelings were he is greatly mistaken. Moreover, even the back areas could be

deucedly unpleasant. So if I went out, what would I see? The same dreary and sickening desolation; and you cannot keep writing about that, even when allowed to do it. Still, out some of us went, almost daily, down to the ugly line, somewhere or other. Even the chance of being bumped off was better than rotting in the spaciousness of that Château (Colonel Hutton-Wilson was in charge of us there), with its echoes, and its military and political whispering, secluded by dark woods and a meandering trout stream.

THE VISITORS WERE IN CLOVER

SOMEHOW, we had to make bricks without straw, war without death, and describe ruin without saying anything about it. There was a neighbouring house, a Château for visitors for “bigwigs” of all kinds, foreign generals, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Trade-union officials, and so on. Occasionally we would go over to help to entertain these famous folk.

The men who waited on us wore white gloves. Famous visitors did the war very well. I don’t know what they learned of the affair, but almost invariably they were enthusiastic. So you may be sure they were never guided up to the line in the Salient,

nor anywhere else where one might drop into it up to the neck. And how much could any man whisper of the truth at dinner to Mrs. Humphry Ward? Try to think that out. And was it likely that I should want to sit next to Bottomley even though I knew the soldiers thought a lot of him? For I knew what his game was even then. But when could I have published that or who would have believed me?

We had better admit it. Never again in war correspondence shall we get more than incidental stories that have no bearing on the main issue. Nations will battle blindly in the dark; the only light on it we shall get will be fitful flashes of bombast and half truths.

Nor will anything better than that be possible; yet there is a great and unavoidable danger in this office of censorship. In the last war, German propaganda and war correspondence for home consumption was maintained throughout as a gross stimulant, and I suppose that may have been necessary. You mark what happened. Then the German public had to know that its armies, instead of advancing, were in retreat. Then that public, supported by falsities, collapsed. The propaganda to keep up its heart was the cause of sudden heart-failure.

NO NEED FOR SECRECY HERE

Among the occupants of the Château for “bigwigs” mentioned by Mr. Tomlinson were British and foreign statesmen, as well as soldiers. Below is a scene near Fricourt in September 1916, when M. Albert Thomas, left, Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Reading visited the front. M. Thomas was the French Minister of Munitions and had actively co-operated with Mr. Lloyd George when he held that position. After the death of Lord Kitchener in June 1916 Mr. Lloyd George left the Ministry of Munitions for the War Office.

Imperial War Museum



My CONCERT PARTY

at the FRONT

How the 'Gaieties' Cheered the Troops

by Leslie Henson

LONDON'S own comedian, Leslie Henson, did his bit in the war when, having been posted to the R.F.C., he was taken from active service and ordered to form a concert party in the Fifth Army. The "Gaieties" became one of the most famous troupes in France and Flanders following the advance in 1918 to Lille, where they occupied, ironically, a great theatre which had been completed by the Germans. Mr. Henson tells with inimitable humour his memories grave and gay of this exciting time

WHEN I went on active service with the R.F.C., I had to report at Farnborough, and in due course went before an officer known as the Posting Major. Standing to attention and saluting him with a serious face proved suddenly difficult, for we recognized each other. He was Lawrence Legge, who had played in "The Chocolate Soldier," and we knew each other very well.

After a while he got rid of his quarter-master-sergeant and other satellites, and when we were alone the awful "break" occurred of a major warmly shaking the hand of a 2nd Air Mechanic and thumping him on the back. Thanks to him I was transferred from the camp at Farnborough, where I should have been under canvas in the dead of winter, to Salamanca Barracks, Aldershot.

Here my stable companion, a refreshing Cockney, instructed me in the art of allaying fears of impending air-raids when on leave. Being in uniform, he said, one was sure to be consulted.

"I takes aht me 'andkerchief," he said, "'olds it up to see which way the wind's blowin', and ses, firm-like, 'Nah, there won't be no raid ter-night, Ma. Wind's in the wrong quarter.' Many a time I've quietened dahn the 'ole of Black'eath."

Here, too, I discovered how influence helps one in the Army. The corporal in charge of the cookhouse said to me one day, "Your name Henson?"

"Yes," I said.

"Any relation to Lincoln Henson?"

"He was my father."

"Coo! I worked with your Dad in Smithfield Market for fifteen years!"

From that moment the cookhouse and all that was therein became mine for the asking.

I gave a few entertainments at Farnborough, and was actually on the stage

in the Sergeants' Mess when the Sergeant-Major handed across the footlights to me a chit that said: "You leave for France tonight's draft."

It was a bit of a rush. I tried to wash off my make-up with cold water, and was not very successful. But I fell in with the Overseas Draft in time. N.C.O.s and men escorted us to the station, and three flight-sergeants carried my kit between them, falling in at the rear of the draft. Not to be forgotten, that!

St. Martin's Rest Camp, on the windy heights above Boulogne, was my first "home" in France—a miserable experience! Next day came a frightful journey to the camp at Etaples, where it was raining like Niagara. Here I bethought me of a friend, Miss Wyles, matron of the Liverpool Merchants' Mobile Hospital at Etaples—so-called, apparently, because it never moved throughout the whole of the War—and rang her up on the telephone.

I WAS FED LIKE A LORD

RESULT, she came to fetch me in a panting and rackety car that was a chariot of immense splendour to my eyes, and took me off to dinner at the hospital. They soon had me out of my damp clothes, gave me a hot bath, fed me like a lord, and washed and dried most of my clothes while I was on the premises!

I slid under barbed wire into camp that night, mercifully found my tent in the dark, and slept the sleep of the just.

Next day came another awful railway journey in the usual Hommes 40, Chevaux 8 cattle trucks, a journey of strange twistings and turnings, bumpings and borings, a wearying journey during which we passed twice through Boulogne without stopping. At night we came to a big town, and, looking out.

I thought it all seemed familiar. We stopped at the station, and I saw a Tommy on the platform. "Is this Boulogne?" I asked, pronouncing it in my best French.

He looked at me with an expression of scorn. "This is Berlong!" he said, and spat passionately on the platform.

And Boulogne it was! Nobody seemed to know what to do with us, and we slept in that train packed warmly together. Next day we moved on to St. Omer, and from there I was due to go to Hesdin, G.H.Q. of the R.F.C. at that time.

Two of us, loaded with our full kit and rations for four days, set out together. Through stopping to buy an English newspaper I got separated from my companion, and suddenly heard him calling to me across the station. To join him I had to climb through an empty train, then stationary. Alas, all the doors were locked!

"Climb underneath!" he screamed. "Our train's just going!"

UNDERNEATH I went, and as I got half-way past the big steel wheel in front of me, Old Man Caution (mother was born in Somerset) reared his kindly head.

What if this train started—as these trains did start—without any warning from porters or guards?

I got out again and climbed on to the couplings. When I had got half-way, sure enough that train started—I should have had a nasty sticky finish had I continued my journey underneath.

However, there was no time to think of that—we were off; and I was balancing myself on the wobbling couplings and clutching a small horizontal iron handrail on the back of the truck in front of me.

"Jump!" shouted my pal. "Jump!"

I was about to do so when, peering round the end of the car to see if all was clear, I saw a train approaching. Just as well I didn't jump!

Gathering speed, the empty train took me with it, perched very insecurely, very uncomfortably, on a foothold so narrow that I had to stand one foot on the other. My cumbersome equipment didn't make things any easier; also it was bitterly cold and my fingers froze on that handrail.

As we hurtled through small stations I leaned over as far as I dared and yelled, "Help! Help!" In England someone would have run to a telephone and given warning ahead. But the good French folk misunderstood. They thought I was joy-riding. They actually waved to me and laughed. "Ah, le

brave Anglais! Comme il est magnifique!" was evidently what they thought about it.

After what seemed an eternity the train pulled up outside Calais. I dropped off nearly dead. Presently I found a very tired R.T.O., so tired he could hardly cope with the situation; but he finally sent me back to St. Omer. Here I had to explain to the Camp Commandant why I was back there and not in Hesdin. So I was marched into his office and stood stiffly to attention while my "crime" was revealed by the Sergeant-Major. Then I was asked if I had anything to say.

I certainly had. Forgetting discipline I went straight off into "a big act," describing dramatically how I got carried away by the empty train. I was too busy to notice the change of expression on the face of the Camp Commandant. The proper way for a prisoner to talk in the Army is standing rigidly to attention, and here was I going through it all with actions!

Fortunately he saw the funny side of it, and after a while: "Oh, take him away, Sergeant-Major!" he said, crying with laughter.

From Hesdin, where I went next day, I was moved to Nesle. In the meantime I had been given a commission, because

General Sir Hubert Gough, commanding the Fifth Army, wanted me to organize and run shows for the troops. By that time entertainments had become recognized as being very necessary to the army behind the front line.

I got busy at once and in a week had a concert party of twelve in pierrot costume and make-up. Our theatre was a barn, and we had good lighting. I called the party "The Gaieties," for what then seemed old times to me.

General Gough came to see us, and we were much encouraged to hear he was pleased with the show.

My best friend at Fifth Army headquarters was Major Dennis Critchley-Salmonson, a tower of strength to "The Gaieties." In two shows we did at Toutencourt, a peaceful sort of spot at the time, he joined us and sang very well several of Albert Chevalier's songs, to the great delight of the troops.

After the second show we walked back together about midnight to our billet in

a creepy, ghost-like farmhouse, and I remember him saying solemnly, "Matey ("Matey" was his name for me), the big offensive starts this morning."

So when at 4 a.m. or thereabouts we were awakened by a soul-shaking, terrifying sense of sound that vibrated and quivered through the night, I knew what Critchley-Salmonson meant when he said, "Matey, here they are!" The great German offensive of March 1918 had begun.

AFTER breakfast we made our way back to Nesle, amid the sound of gunfire and resounding crashes, while ambulances came tearing down the road.

In Nesle market square a somewhat comic figure, dressed as a private of the Artists' Rifles, sprang to attention and gave me a quaint salute. It was Tolly Brightman. I had heard he was in the neighbourhood and had asked if he could manage to come and see me. I told Critchley-Salmonson how valuable he would be to me as an assistant. Inside a week he was with us.

NEARING THE END OF THE RUN

After the Armistice the Concert Parties were even in greater demand, for the troops were waiting impatiently for demobilization and time hung heavily on their hands. The "Gaieties" was one of the troupes that carried on, and below is Mr. Leslie Henson with the 5th Army Concert Party during the performances he describes in this chapter. The first Concert Party in France was organized at the suggestion of the ladies' committee of the Y.W.C.A. in February 1915, by Miss Lena Ashwell, to give concerts at rest camps. Later came such parties as the "Gaieties" with make-up and scenery.

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WAR-TIME LAUGHTER-MAKERS

In addition to such star concert parties as the "Gaieties," the troops in France undertook the task of entertaining one another, for among them enough amateur talent to put up a good show could easily be found. Above is one of the earliest amateur concert parties, "The Tri-Hards," ready to entertain their comrades, just behind the line in December 1916. By 1917 the Canadians provided 100 entertainments weekly for their men. Below, the leading lady of a Canadian troupe is "making up" within range of German shells

L.N.A. and Canadian Records



Meantime things were bad, and going from bad to worse. The Fifth Army was in retreat. We retired from Nesle, soon to be smashed up, and went from one uncomfortable spot to another. At last, in Amiens, we began to take root again, and I raced round trying to get hold of people to make up a show—never more needed than in those black days of the retreat.

I found Bert Errol, the famous female impersonator, and with Tolly Brightman and Rob Currie (still with me) there was the nucleus of a good party. We were given a lorry on which to carry our lighting set, and at shortest notice gave shows in barns, in schools, and in tents.

The Tank Corps built us a theatre in twenty-four hours with Chinese labour. It had comfortable stall seats of wood and canvas. Our life was a series of one-night jumps, and we played to almost every branch of the Forces.

At length, in mid-October, there came a performance in an improvised theatre, with General Birdwood sitting in the seat of honour in the middle of the front row and over a thousand officers and men present. His stall was a rather fine satinwood chair I had scrounged from the theatre at Béthune.

It was a very appreciative audience, and the performance ended with cheering and shouting. In the middle of this hullabaloo General Birdwood rose and faced the audience, and peremptory

shouts of "Quiet, there!" brought about a startling silence.

Standing beside the satinwood chair he first paid a handsome tribute to our show, then after a moment's pause he announced that an armistice was definitely in sight. "And, gentlemen, with the signing of that armistice not another shot will be fired in this war." A thudding silence followed. A thousand men took one big breath—then pandemonium.

THE Fifth Army entered Lille after the German evacuation on October 17. The first thing I had to do when we got into the town was to find the theatre. It was in the main square, a huge new building, quite as large as the London Opera House in Kingsway. When the Germans occupied Lille in 1914 it was still being built, and they finished it. When they left in October 1918, they smashed every bit of machinery in the city. The concierge, a charming soul, escorted me round the building by the light of two candles. On the desk in the prompt box, incidentally, lay the score of the last opera played there, less than a week previously, open at the last page.

My instructions were to get the theatre going and start giving shows as

soon as possible. Working night and day we managed this in a week, for two Australian lorries, planted in the street at the back of the building, ran leads into the theatre and gave us light. For limes we had searchlights.

Scenery was a problem, for most of the stuff the Germans left was Wagnerian and not our style at all. Years afterwards I learned that Roland Harker, the scenic artist, and Oliver Bernard, the expert on stage decoration, who were doing camouflage work, were in Lille at this time. What a help they could have been if I had known! But we discovered the local Clarkson with his wigs and costumes, and he was delighted to find himself busy again. And Herman Finck had sent us out a lot of music.

We still called ourselves "The Gaieties," but this first show was an Allied revue. We included two French artists, a violinist and a singer, and billed them big, a move that delighted the Lilleois. And there was a grand finale to our usual concert party programme, worthy of Drury Lane.

It began with a series of tableaux. Number One was "The Angelus"—interrupted by the "Fall In!" on a bugle; the man looked up, the girl



was terrified, and the band struck in with a distant military march. Then "black out."

Number Two was "Au revoir"—a poilu saying good-bye to his girl, while mother sat by weeping.

Number Three was "The Enemy"—a German officer appeared, seized the girl and put chains round her wrists and ankles: I was the German officer. I was very proud of that make-up. No laughs here. Hisses galore but no laughs—an artistic triumph.

Number Four was "Occupation"—a German sentry and the officer taunting the girl in chains.

Number Five was "Liberation"—the German officer explaining in dumb show that all was over, the sentry departing in haste, the return of the poilu, strains of "Tipperary" from the orchestra, and finally a Tommy rushing on to help take the chains off the girl.

THEN the back cloth behind them went up, revealing the full stage set as a palace scene, with a hundred convent children (marvellously stage-managed by the nuns) grouped on stairs at the back. All they had to do was to open their young throats and sing "The Marseillaise" . . . the audience rose to their feet.

And that was not all. A Scottish pipe band was heard in the distance;



LEADING 'LADIES' OF LILLE

The two photographs above show some of the players in the revue described by Mr. Henson. At the top of the page is Mr. Bert Errol, who was later the Princess in Mr. Henson's "command" pantomime. Above is Mr. Henson himself in the revue with two of his "leading ladies," Frank Turner, left, and Teddy Holton, right.

Imperial War Museum

they were in a scene dock three floors below the stage. Nearer and nearer they came until they appeared marching on to the stage, headed by their drum-major, to the shrill cheers of our convent children. Finally the curtains at the back of the stage parted, and slowly down the steps walked majestic Bert Errol, wearing an Amazonian helmet and draped in a gigantic French flag. On one side was a Tommy, on the other a poilu, who joined hands before the footlights, and the poilu duly embraced his sweetheart. Two hundred flags came fluttering down from the flies as we sang "God Save the King."

The house was packed from floor to ceiling, with troops and civilians, and the Army Commander and his Staff were in the Royal box. It was the first time the Lille folk had seen the inside of their new opera house, for they would not enter it during the German occupation. The Mayor and Corporation honoured us by coming in full evening dress.

There was an "incident" before the curtain went up that we did not hear about until afterwards. We had not given a thought to two large busts, one of the Kaiser and one of Hindenburg, which filled two alcoves in the foyer. But the citizens of Lille no sooner saw

them than they had them down and smashed them. And they wrenched down and tore to rags the purple, black and gold hangings of the Royal box entrance. Then they settled down to enjoy themselves.

We gave this performance from then on to packed houses. The prices ranged from one to five francs "top," and we played to a regular 25,000 francs a week (or, at the rate of exchange at the time, about £1,000).

OF this, £500 a week went to the Mayor of Lille for distribution to the poor, and £500 to the Army Recreation Fund. This, I was informed, was spent on the purchase of footballs for the troops. How many footballs, I wonder—and, if it comes to that—how many troops?

During the run we had the honour of playing to King George V, who occupied the Royal box with the Prince of Wales and our present King, then Duke of York.

That was a night to remember. . . .

After this success the authorities seemed to think we could work miracles. A fortnight before Christmas I was summoned to the office of General (now Sir Casimir) van Straubenzee, and told

that the Army Commander wanted a pantomime for Christmas Eve.

"It's an order, Henson," said the General.

Well, we had fourteen clear days. I decided on "Aladdin." Tolly Brightman was packed off to Paris to bring a lorryload of Chinese costumes from Max Dearly (who had played with us at the Gaiety), and Rob Currie and I burned midnight oil writing the pantomime in an old Army Book 129, which I still possess.

We secured 30 N.C.O.s and men—signallers, I think they were—to act as chorus, and "drilled" them in their work. They responded nobly, and on Christmas Eve, before a packed audience, our pantomime went as smoothly as if we'd rehearsed for weeks. Bert Errol was the princess, Dennis Noble was Aladdin, I was Abanazar and Rob Currie was Widow Twankey.

Many times since those days I have been recognized when motoring in out-of-the-way places in Devonshire, on the Great North Road, or in Scotland, by garage hands and the like, who have remembered me solely on the strength of that Lille pantomime.

"Mr. Henson, isn't it?" they ask.

"Yes; have you seen me in London?"

"No; I saw you in Lille!"

★ 370 1925

I WALKED with GHOSTS in GALLIPOLI

**Twenty Years Had Passed
Since the Heights Were Aflame**

by W. E. Stanton Hope

THE author, who was a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Division and had seen service on the Peninsula from the landing, twenty years after revisited the present peaceful scene. He trod the old battlefields, visited the graves of his comrades, and met with a friendly reception from his old enemies. Yet he says that twenty years after not all traces of the terrific shell fire which accompanied the landing and occupation had been obliterated

How quiet it is: a pink sky over Asia and the sea unruffled.

It is a morning nearly twenty years after the epic landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and Nature has reproduced almost identical weather conditions to those of April 25th, 1915, when British troops "achieved the impossible" by securing a foothold on Gallipoli through lashing storms of shrapnel and machine-gun fire. Gazing at the grim, familiar landscape, I wonder what changes the years have made.

Six months on the tragic Peninsula had impressed the old scene indelibly on my mind. I recall the flaming heat and the network of foul trenches that were a buzzing fly-trap; the dragging crawl through communication trenches when dysentery and jaundice were rife; the keen winds from the Russian steppes, and the icy flood that swept the Turkish dead into our trenches; that last silent and dramatic march on the final night of the evacuation and the roaring bonfires of stores on the deserted beaches.



LOOKING BACK

Mr. W. E. Stanton Hope, F.R.G.S., has travelled widely. He has been engaged in journalistic work since the War, and has written a number of books, including "Richer Dust" and "Gallipoli Revisited."



'PASS FRIENDS, ALL'S WELL'

Armistice Day is being celebrated in the little Essex village of Weeley, where a small congregation of men of the British Legion with their standard and the women and children are gathered together. A young trumpeter stands by to sound the Last Post and Reveille to mark the beginning and end of the two minutes' silence. On the Celtic cross that forms the War Memorial are inscribed the names of the men of the village who gave their lives in the Great War, and the words beneath the photograph above are inscribed on the Memorial.

Keystone



THEY REMEMBER THEIR COMRADES IN ARMS—

Above is the British Legion's annual commemoration service at the Cenotaph in 1939. The Duke of Kent is in the centre foreground and behind him is the white-haired figure of Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, President of the Legion. Behind the President are, left to right, Colonel E. C. Heath, General Secretary, Colonel A. W. L. Ashwanden, Vice-Chairman, and Major Sir Francis Fetherston-Godley, Chairman. In the wheeled chair is Major J. B. Brunel Cohen, Treasurer; behind him stand the King's Indian Orderly Officers.



P. F. Anderson

—THE BRITISH LEGION'S HOMAGE TO THE DEAD

The service is held every year on Whit Sunday and is attended by members of the British Legion from all parts of the country, each contingent marching behind its own Standard. The Standards are dedicated at a service which resembles that of the dedication of regimental colours, the words used by the officiating chaplain of the Legionnaires being "we do dedicate and set apart these Standards that they may be a sign of our duty towards our King and country in the sight of God and a symbol of the service the British Legion are called upon to render."



W. A. Davis, copyright A.P. Ltd.

THEIR FINAL RESTING PLACE AT LAST

This very beautiful scene in Bedford House Cemetery, near Zillebeke, Belgium, was photographed in 1938. Soldiers were buried here practically from the beginning of the War and the area was enlarged after the Armistice. Until January 1917 Bedford House was practically untouched by gunfire, but in that month it was badly shelled. There are nearly 4,000 graves in the cemetery and their number is even now being added to as bodies are still found on the battlefields. The wooden crosses in the photograph are to mark these new graves until the permanent grave stones are erected.

Once-familiar names come leaping back to vibrant life—Pink Farm, Eski Lines, Backhouse Post, the Eastern Mule Trench, Worcester Barricade, Chocolate Hill, Fusilier Bluff, the Vineyard, the Beaches—V, W and Y. There is still debris on the beaches, but where is the River Clyde, that marine Horse of Troy which was run aground under the forts at Sedd-el-Bahr at the original landing?

MANY “old sweats” returning on this Gallipoli pilgrimage speak of her and are interested in her post-War history. She is, I have discovered, wearing the flag of Spain and carrying coal between Gijon and Barcelona. Her name has become the Maruja y Aurora, but very little alteration has been made in the ship’s structure and she still bears the scars of Turkish shell-fire on her hull, and the steel bulkheads of her engine-room remain bent from the hammering of twenty years earlier.

We proceed from the liner in boats, and land under the shade of the Sedd-el-Bahr fort. The beach looks strangely barren without the former bustling activity among the dug-outs and tents, and the atmosphere of peace is emphasized by peasants at work among the fig trees and in the olive groves.

Several unveiled Turkish women sit along the low sandy ridge where once a few British survivors sheltered from the withering machine-gun fire. They watch imperturbably as some of us climb the slope to the Helles Memorial to do honour to our Fallen. Again, after so many years, I tread the old Krithia road, past the cypress grove, still fearfully scarred from the raking fire of ships and shore batteries.

WE bathe in Morto Bay, in water crystal-clear and icy cold. It is wonderfully quiet—and “Asiatic Annie,” the famous big gun of the Turks that used to fire across the Dardanelles, is only a war-time memory. How often in the summer of 1915 were parties of bathers tragically disturbed by “Annie’s” high-explosive shells!

British cemeteries mark the site of Skew Bridge, Pink Farm, Redoubt and Twelve Tree Copse—all well designed and beautiful with iris, stock, and rosemary, the flower of remembrance. The

Turks have a memorial, but they have never collected their own dead on Gallipoli.

Past Backhouse Post and far up on the left of the Krithia road, I readily recognize the Vineyard, once a shambles, although previously I had never had anything but a worm’s-eye view of it. High-explosive blasted away every square foot of that devil’s acre in the summer of ’15, yet the vines, which have never been cultivated since, are freshly green in the Vineyard today, and are beginning to bear crops of grapes.

On the return to the liner, I find that several Turkish notabilities from Chanak have come off to dine. Among them is a gentleman many of us would have given our Maconochie rations to have met in ’15—the O.C. “Asiatic Annie.”

Through an interpreter I have a long chat with this officer, Mehmet Bey, a

UNWELCOME ATTENTION FROM ‘ASIATIC ANNIE’

While the first landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula was being made, a French force made an equally gallant landing on the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles with the object of taking Kum Kale and silencing the Turkish batteries there. The troops were eventually transferred to the Peninsula and the Turkish guns continued to be troublesome, especially “Asiatic Annie,” one of the largest of them. Below, on May 4, 1915, men of the Hood Battalion (Machine Gun Section) R.N.D. are standing in a shell hole made by “Asiatic Annie” in their Rest Camp.

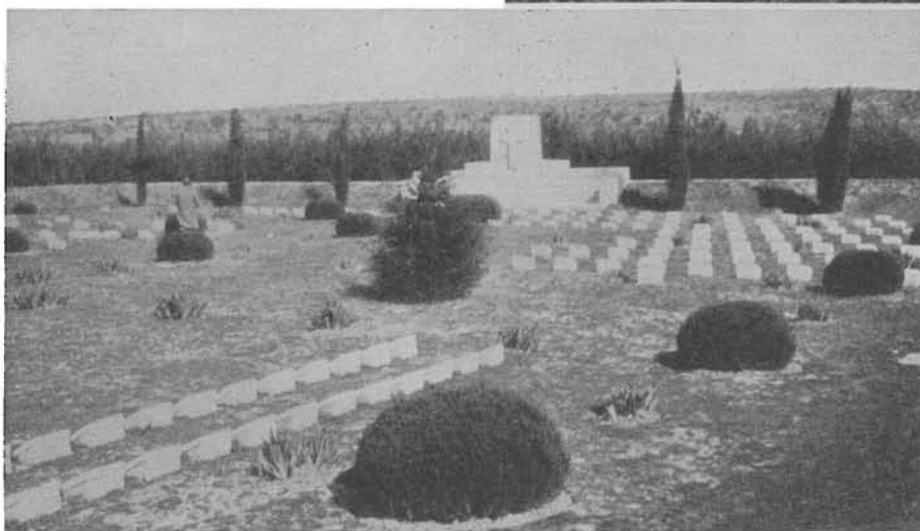
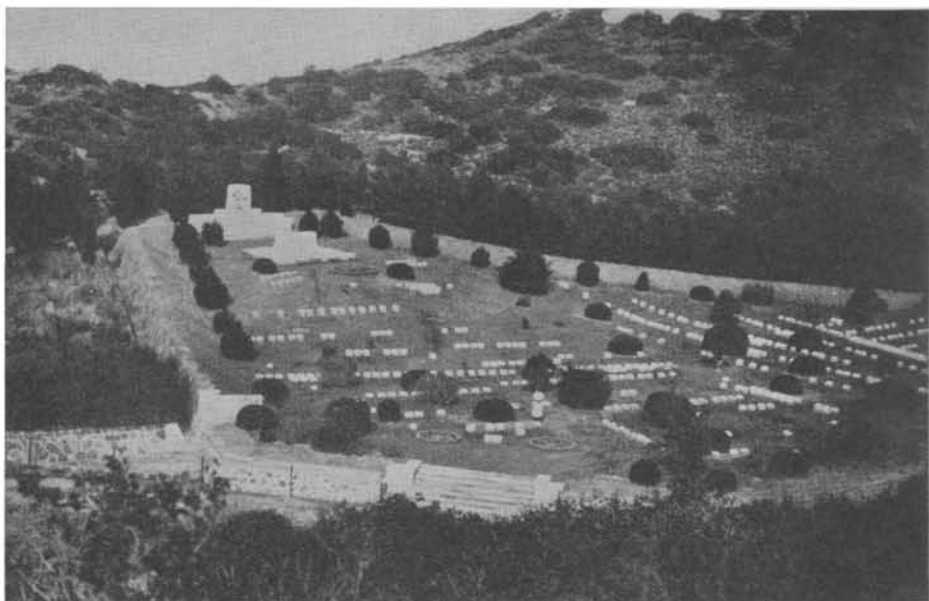
Imperial War Museum



GALLIPOLI

MEMORIES CAN

NEVER DIE



There are 31 War cemeteries on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and in this page are photographs of two of them. That above is at Shrapnel Valley and that left at Skew Bridge, Helles. It will be seen that the headstones are different from those in the cemeteries on the Western Front, being marble tablets laid at a slant. The cemeteries are as beautiful and as well cared for as any in the care of the Imperial War Graves Commission. Below is the scene near Cape Helles when the Anzac Day service was held there on April 25, 1923.

Photos, courtesy of Imperial War Graves Commission and R.A.F. Official, Crown copyright





DIGGERS DINE TOGETHER

The Diggers Abroad Association, of which most of the Australians living in the United Kingdom, France, and Belgium are members, holds an annual dinner. Above is the high table at that held at Grosvenor House on April 22, 1939. Left to right are the Duke of Kent, Lord Birdwood, Field-Marshal Sir J. Montgomery-Massingberd, Mr. A. E. Jones, Secretary of the Association, Commandant l'Hôpital, formerly A.D.C. to Marshal Foch, and Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand.

Graphic Photo Union

likeable kind of man with bald brown head and many rippling crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes. He tells me that "Annie" was roughly of eleven-inch calibre, and the gun moved frequently its position in the In Tepe area of Asia, although she never "ran on rails," as many of our troops surmised.

He says also that, late in the campaign, a British monitor firing over Rabbit Island, in the Aegean Sea, scored a direct hit, killing five men and putting the gun out of action for six days.

In return I tell him how, on the last night of the evacuation, we had a bugler posted on Sedd-el-Bahr fort to sound the long G for warning each time he saw "Annie's" yellow flash. Mehmet Bey states that the warning bugle note reached him faintly across the Straits.

AFTER a night's sleep, I do two things I have wanted to do ever since the War—enter ruined Krithia village, and stand on the summit of the formidable hill, Achi Baba. My companions are two ex-officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

The treacherous cliffs and nullahs of Achi, the well-sited trenches, the former gun emplacements, reveal clearly the magnitude of the Allied task. "A second Gibraltar," comments one of my companions; and the other, on the summit, remarks: "From here you can see everything except the unexploded shells at the bottom of the sea."

We return by way of the Valley of Soghanli Dere, where the Turkish Field Ambulance had comfortable head-

quarters, and our ancient motor-car bumps over rough roads and broken bridges through Kilid Bahr and Maidos village, which once was razed by the guns of the British Fleet. Our chauffeur is an ex-captain of Turkish infantry who fought against us, and the eighteen-year-old youth who rides on the foot-board to replenish a leaky radiator with water at frequent intervals, lost his father in 1915, killed by a British shell.

On arrival back at Khelia Bay I see a former rating of our Royal Naval Division arm-in-arm with a Turk. The Englishman has lost his left hand; the Turk has his right arm missing. Someone interprets the Turk's smiling comment on the situation: "We are brothers."

Barbed wire and French wire, much of it remarkably preserved, reveal how the Turks created new defensive lines immediately after the evacuation. Wild boars in the country behind Suvla Bay uproot the crops, and have become a pest to the peasants.

A pair of storks strut down to Salt Lake, and a strong-minded lady insists, in the teeth of a truck-load of ex-brigadiers and colonels, that the birds are pelicans!

The sun smiles on Gallipoli, and some of those who were not here in '15 think it is all "very nice." The

more knowledgeable survey the rugged slopes and nullahs, and wonder anew at the miracle of youthful strength and endurance.

Everyone comments favourably on the work of Tasman Millington, the Australian who is representative of the Imperial War Graves Commission—the man responsible for the upkeep of the cemeteries which dot the rugged coastline from Shell Green to Azmac. Lone Pine, Walker's Ridge, the Nek, Chunuk Bair, Hill 10—everywhere the country is overgrown and flowering.

A colony of Russians, employed in maintaining the cemeteries, live in Shrapnel Valley. One of them, Chocklov, was once a well-known tenor in opera at Petrograd, and sometimes, when dusk descends on the Peninsula, the melody of his voice is heard mounting through the stillness as he returns from Lone Pine.

There is a living spirit in all the hills and nullahs of Gallipoli, but you cannot become attuned to it among a mixed company. You must go from among them and be alone.

No bursting shells or bombs, no crackling rifle-fire. Goats and sheep graze in the valleys. The sea is empty of warships, mine-sweepers and hospital ships. . . .

How quiet it is. . . .

My THREE YEARS in RAT-INFESTED RUHLEBEN

by Percy Brown

In the early months of the war the author was a free-lance photographer in the war zone and later became accredited to the London Graphic. After some hazardous adventures he was unfortunate enough to cross the German frontier inadvertently, was captured and threatened as a spy. He eventually spent most of his captivity at Ruhleben, of life at which civilian prison camp he here tells a highly entertaining story

To me Ruhleben was a rest cure. Here time stood still, no days or weeks to portion off the indefinite stretch. If you happened to pass the Y.M.C.A. building, Sunday was faintly marked by the devout droning of hymns, a pause, a shuffling of feet after a prayer, and then the slow exit of prisoners breaking off into groups to discuss the sermon, just as in any English village.

But there was also much to see inside and outside the barbed wire. Trains packed with soldiers and guns passed to Germany's several fronts every few moments, night and day, on the military railway which ran alongside the camp.

ANYTHING FOR ME?

The British civilian prisoners at Ruhleben were forgotten neither by their Government nor by their relations who, even when the food shortage at home was acute, always found plenty for the parcels. It is to the credit of the Germans that, though the parcels went through the hands of many hungry men, they arrived intact.

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The cheering troops decorated themselves and their guns with signs, "Nach Paris," "Nach London," and foliage from the country they had just been battering. No sign of foliage or gaiety was noticed after the second year. The troops sat silent and weary in the open trucks staring enviously at us in our guarded safety. Occasionally a train-load of British soldiers fresh from the Western Front cheered and shouted good news to us as they passed on their way to the terrible prison camps.

Thanks to the British Government and relatives we were the best-fed prisoners. No matter how many ships were sunk we got our parcels. It is true one sailor was shocked while slicing a loaf of mouldy bread; he had cut through a nest of mice. But that was exceptional. The British Government installed bakeries in Holland, from which we received long loaves of white bread. We had everything which could be got into a can. Our industrious gardeners supplied us with vegetables in season, such as tomatoes, onions, beans, cabbage, marrows and beetroot, and everyone, whether English, pro-German, or, in some cases, pure-German, could draw a dole from our Government.

RUHLEBEN received so much publicity it is no wonder that several of the interned already regarded themselves as war heroes. We had only to read the English newspapers smuggled into the camp at three pounds a copy to find how we were suffering "The Horrors and Tortures" of Ruhleben. It was in procuring these newspapers that I met the first "hardship." When in Stadvogtei [a Berlin prison], although it was against the rules, we had only to put what we wanted—be it newspapers, meat, eggs, coffee, whisky, kitchen and photographic equipment—on a list for the soldier warder, who brought everything at the catalogue price. Here, although we could buy useful stuff, such as mirrors, paper, shaving-tackle and vegetables in season, certain things

2002



QUEUEING UP FOR COFFEE

There is a reminder of happier days in this old street coffee stall at which prisoners of many nationalities are lined up at Ruhleben to buy cups of coffee. Towards the end of the war, when the Allied blockade had made the food shortage acute in Germany, the prisoners were dependent on their parcels for all their little luxuries.

Photopress

were barred. Liquor was rigidly banned, except for the imitation beer obtained in the Casino and the wine sold at profiteering prices by one of the German officers. So in Ruhleben, as in America, prohibition created a racket...

Owing to the crowded state of the stables, wooden barracks were built to house late-comers. I wangled my way into one of these and joined space with a lace-machine maker from St. Quentin, Jerry Lane. After six weeks in hiding he had been arrested and sent to Wittenburg prison camp. We set up house in earnest.

"Let's make the best of the holiday. We shall have to go back to work soon enough," said Jerry.

On our allotted space of six feet by seven we built a kind of a room which could be opened in day-time and closed at night. At meal-times the bunks were seats. Everything folded away. To cope with the camp thieves—they were few but very clever—I made secret drawers and cupboards which no one could open but ourselves. We were unlucky in not getting a space under a window, but were near the stove, on which Jerry cooked some of the meals I prepared. It is wonderful what variations can be got with bully beef, rice, onions, potatoes and meat tablets. Joe, a Kru "boy" of sixty years, who had been rescued from a torpedoed ship, washed up and made delicious curry for us...

We had one serious shortage of food caused by the sinking of ships. Even

the bread from Holland did not arrive, and hardly anything remained in our cupboards. The merchants charged famine prices for hoarded food. Jerry searched every corner of our stores for soup tablets, and any forgotten oddments. He could cook anything, and make a delicious dish of fried biscuits and sardines. He was becoming reconciled to the German rations, which, he said, were as satisfying as none at all, when Jim Doe clattered into the barrack saying that my name was on the parcel list. Jerry was away straight off the mark. In five minutes he came galloping back with a parcel and spread the

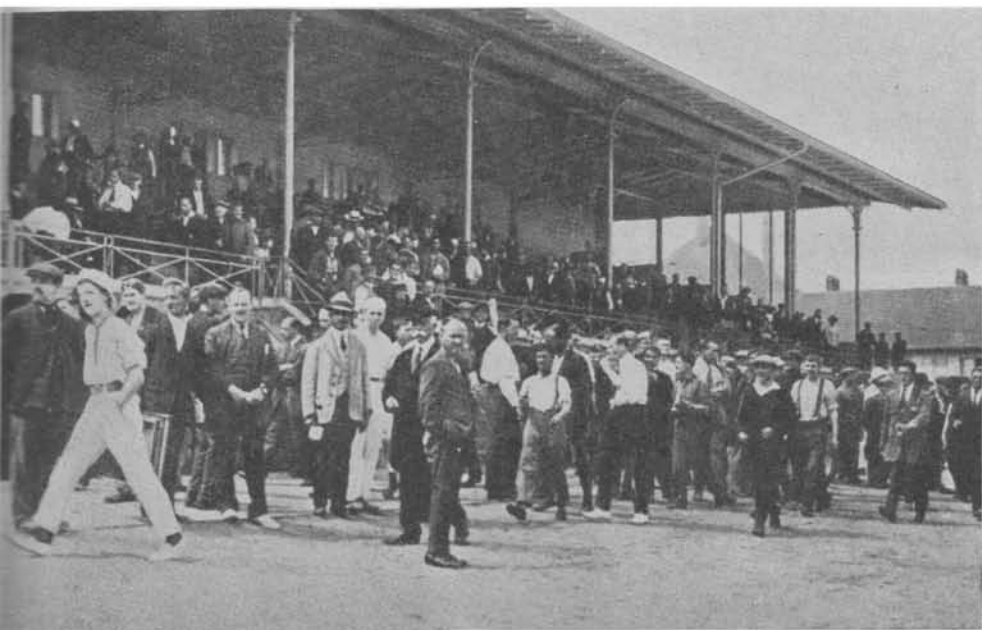
contents on the table, carefully putting away everything but bacon and biscuits. As he searched the shavings for meat cubes and other small objects he found a piece of cheese and a tiny tin of meat essence.

WE would have bacon and cheese, he said. He made a fire with part of the outside door, as fuel, too, was scarce. The door was rarely used anyway, he said. Jerry was in his element again as he greased the pan carefully and tortured our appetites with the smell of bacon frying. Leaving the hot fat in the pan he forked out the lovely rashers

on to a plate to keep warm. Then he cut up the cheese and laid it in the hot fat. But it would not sizzle. Something pulled down the corners of Jerry's mouth. He stoked up the fire and moved the pieces about in the pan. A vile stink crept through the barrack. What Jerry was trying to fry was a piece of soap!

Seeing there was a big demand for smuggled liquor sold by prisoner bootleggers to the fighting gang who filled the cells, a German officer opened a wine bar under the main grandstand. He sold a good wine at fourpence a glass and made money. So good and so comforting was the wine that the wine line became a popular rendezvous, with a queue of customers several times longer than any other of Ruhleben's many queues. Here one could hear the latest rumours, scandal and war news.

THEN the price was raised to sixpence a glass. The gang lined up, well behaved, for the wine was still wholesome and cheering. The demand became so large that the queue became a huge circle. As the demand increased so did the price, until the fourpenny glass now cost three shillings and ninepence. And that price was the peak, for the queue shortened. Jerry and I dropped out at two shillings a glass. Only the rich and the rough-necks remained. It was a curious sight to see well-groomed British merchants taking wine with some of the meanest thugs who ever stole a sick prisoner's parcel.



RUHLEBEN'S RECREATIONS

The civilian prisoners' Camp at Ruhleben, just outside Berlin, was originally a racecourse, and by a curious coincidence Germans interned in England found that part of their camp at the Alexandra Palace in North London was also in peace-time a racecourse. Above is the Grand Stand at Ruhleben which, as Mr. Brown indicates in this chapter, was a great place for a friendly gossip. Right is an advertisement for one of those Concert Party entertainments which brought relief alike to the troops and the interned.

Photopress





RULING PASSION AT RUHLEBEN

The ruling passion of the British for sport found a good many outlets at Ruhleben. Above, a boxing match in an improvised ring is in progress, the only orthodox equipment being the gloves. Right, a matting wicket and nets make it possible for captives of many nations to look on at a strange game.

Photopress

Many of the gang bought their wine with money made by selling presents from old ladies at home who had adopted what they thought were lonely destitute prisoners. Each man could get himself adopted by as many senders as he cared to write to. Lists of good-natured people were sent to the camp which the gang exploited, and they also got their names on every charitable society list. The scandal grew until one man got as many as thirty parcels a day. Then a central parcels committee took control, and no matter how many parcels were sent to rich and crafty prisoners, everyone received exactly the same amount. . . .

One morning during a talk in the grandstand an extraordinary thing happened right in front of us. My engineer friends had toyed with the idea of causing an explosion in the tremendous Spandau munition works



and those along the Havel in the Gatow and Kladow district. Once started the lot would detonate from concussion, they said. It would cost only one of our lives to destroy ten thousand Germans and millions of munitions, and perhaps cause the war to end.

WELL, one sunny morning our huge grandstand was lifted as if by an earthquake and then it sat down with a crash. Cracks shot across the large plate-glass wings as in new, unspoiled ice.

In front of us, about five miles away, a column of smoke shot up resembling a gigantic sheaf as it swelled out at the top. Then came a rumbling as if the earth was bursting. We sat shaken and dumbfounded. The prisoners stopped in their walks as if the world was suddenly ending. Crowds rushed from the barracks to gape at the spectacle. While we watched there rose another column of smoke followed by more explosions.

Allied airmen were bombing Germany, it was said. After the first shock we

watched the smoke become a tremendous grey wall six miles long. All that day one explosion followed another. We never knew the cause, but we liked to think it had to do with us. We heard that an area of six square miles had been devastated and thousands of munition workers killed. We got no exact news, but could gauge the extent of the damage by the troubled faces of the officers.

ONE of the funniest incidents in Ruhleben happened when the camp was punished for a trivial offence. So serious was the matter to the Germans that high officers from the German war office made a field day of it and arrived in military cars wearing their best clothes, orders, medals, spurs and swords. The camp had been warned overnight by the "captains" to parade on the course at eleven.

Imagine four thousand rushing, laughing prisoners on the promenade making for a narrow passage leading across the tennis courts to the racecourse. Into this they pressed to come out at the other end a machined ribbon of humanity, shepherded into tidy ranks forming a large square by the "captains" and the camp police.

The irrepressibles were subdued and the scene set. The high officers and their aides appeared and strutted leisurely on to the racecourse to take up their positions in the centre.

At first there was a drum-head service silence broken only in the distance by machine-guns and the clang of structural steel from the factories around us. The officers chatted and lingered over the preliminaries, as all officers do when a crowd must wait their pleasure. They ranged themselves in attitudes of respectful attention lit up by their glittering equipment which heliographed the dazzling sunlight.

THE STRAFE WAS A FLOP

THE great one was signalled. We saw him arriving, badly managing his sword. He represented the All Highest, at least in Germany, and glanced fiercely at the silent, expectant crowd. His aide-de-camp handed him the notes of his speech of admonition. He stepped out a few paces so that we could all hear his metallic voice, already affected by the quaver of senility, to deliver a message calculated to make the prisoners shiver with fright.

The scene was shattered by a tiny detail. The general was wearing a goatee. As he was taking his stance and his breath to make an arresting opening, there came piercing that dramatic silence the plaintive bleat of a goat. Our "captains" became rigidly observant and "shushed" us. But the

cry was repeated and taken up by others, the air becoming vibrant with plaintive bleats.

Not a muscle moved in the faces of the prisoners, yet stronger and stronger grew the volume until the air was full of cries. The little beard wagged angrily. The general shut his mouth and turned to his startled suite. What was to be done? What could be done? Shoot the lot? That impressive strafe was a flop.

The chief actors, resplendent in their military glory, conferred and called the "captains." These did their best, but they had no control. The neat tidy ranks of prisoners melted into a mob. The general and his party retired to their car, and the prisoners went back to their hobbies and occupations unrepentant.

THE PRISONERS WON

ANOTHER funny occasion was after the Baron had made a speech and gloated about German victories and British losses. He received a "raspberry" from the sailor who cut down the Prussian Eagle and sent it fluttering into the mud of "Trafalgar Square."

For this the German War Office sentenced the whole camp to a week's C.B. Very well, then, said the camp, reprisals! The word went round. We would all turn out for rations which the Germans were supposed to provide. Instead of collecting just the potatoes, the only useful food provided by the Germans, every man would march to the kitchens to demand full rations never yet provided. Instead of a few hundreds there were four thousand.

THE officers gaped at the march to the kitchens. There was something symbolic and sinister, so extra armed guards were put on to shepherd us to the kitchens. Barrack Four marched to the tune of a lewd chant. We had only gone a few yards when the guards rushed to the head of the column to suppress the chant. It broke afresh in the middle. The guards rushed at it again. They had to make a show, for their officers were watching. They stormed at us and suppressed it only to hear it break out again in full blast at the end, to which they rushed with shouts and threats.

There was almost silence for a few moments except for the steady tramp of feet. As we passed the flag mast, where the officers had seen their emblem insulted, the chant broke out afresh at the front and the whole column took it up to the beats of the dinner cans. The guards darted about like dogs at a fair, but to no purpose, for every man sang as if his life depended on it.

The Baron watched and muttered to himself.

"Oh, these bloody Britishers, they'll be the death of me."

He died shortly after Ruhleben broke up.

When I wanted a change I joined Jim Doe in his barracks, that of the coloured men, the happiest and cleanest in the camp. Most of the coloured men played, sang and danced. Their life was a continuous concert. Every kind of instrument was there.

NEAR the door were Mendigos and Foolahs, whose King, Hundo of Abome, boasted a bodyguard of a thousand Amazons. They played haunting, plaintive melodies on large and small instruments, some grotesque, the cases of which were slung in the rafters of the barracks.

West Indians and Malays played lullabies in undertones, quiet, soothing music with no banging or discord. In the centre of the barracks was a laughing laundry firm of five Africans. As they ironed out the wash they hummed lilting spirituals to the strokes of the irons. At the back entrance our cobbler danced a queer rhythmic dance to the singing tone of the ukulele while half a dozen customers waited patiently for their clogs.

Looking on were contemplative Arabs, powerful Vaes with Indian profiles, and a group of bearded Indians of high caste. They felt their position keenly, being bundled into internment with negroes and half-breeds.

BLACK MEN'S BATH

DISPUTES were rare in the coloured barracks. If a young negro became overheated in the wine line, the old men would calm him and tell him to keep out of the white men's troubles. Some did not care who won the war so long as it was finished quickly and they could go back to their own hot climates.

Meanwhile, they looked after their health. Several had their native herbal medicines sent by relatives all the way from their native countries. They made regular use of the bath-houses, being very particular about their skins, which they scrubbed and rubbed with oils. On dark winter mornings their bronze bodies were invisible to us until they had covered themselves with foaming lather which made them look like ghosts. Then with a laugh they would turn on the ice-cold shower and stand rubbing themselves until every trace of soap was washed away.

The only plague which threatened us was rats. Hunger drove them from Berlin, and scores could be seen near the parcel vans scenting the bacon. We



CAUGHT IN THE WHITE MEN'S WAR

This photograph was taken in the barracks of the coloured men at Ruhleben. According to Mr. Brown they were the happiest and cleanest men in the camp. These unfortunate prisoners, who in many cases scarcely knew why they were confined, came from many countries and were of many races. They were always peaceable, for music was their chief recreation. On the left of the group is a man holding a guitar, and on his left is one with a treasure, a tin of Zebra black-lead. Behind the man with the guitar one of the German guards can be seen.

L'photopress

had a colony of big dark brutes under our barracks. They ate holes in the floor between the beds. We did not worry about them but listened to their gnawings and squeaks.

By the dim light we could make out their shadowy bodies about the floor. They seemed to work with a human understanding. One worked below the boards and another from above. Jerry had had experience of rat plague in the north of France. He said if the camp was not cleared of the pests they would breed so fast they would eat us alive after they had finished our food. Jerry said they talked. Rats passed the word from colony to colony during famines, which takes some believing!

One night I woke with a start. Someone had put a finger on my face, I thought. I could see nothing, but heard the usual noises of the rats. In the morning when Jerry went to the cupboard for the bacon it was missing, also a big piece of cheese. I suspected thieves, but he assured me that a team of rats could remove articles heavier than themselves. We boarded up the hole, but it was gnawed away again.

Our most precious food, the occasional eggs, also disappeared. A rat as big as a rabbit ran along the top of Jerry's bunk, showed his teeth and dived into the darkness. The pests began to worry us. As they increased they become savage and determined.

not vanishing when seen. In fact they glared at us hungrily.

Our saviour was Dr. Jephson, who got permission for the prisoners to own dogs. He organized a rat hunt. All sorts of dogs and men turned out and joined Jephson. He went to the root of the trouble. Attached to every barrack was a refuse-bin about thirty feet long, which made safe cover for the pests. A gang was put to work to dig out the accumulated refuse. More than a score of big rats were killed in the first half-hour. The brutes screamed and fought back fiercely, and several dogs were withdrawn from the hunt.

EVERY bit of cover was removed and disinfectant placed on the floor. This was done with the bins of the twenty-odd barracks. Hundreds of rats were killed during a campaign lasting weeks. Not until half the camp had been hunted did the rats seem to decrease. When the bins and drains were clear the rats were seen to lurk outside the wire waiting for night. Jephson went further and got permission to take the pack outside to hunt the area round the camp. Finally, after weeks of systematic searching, he destroyed the enemy.

But officially the plague persisted. Long after we had seen the last rat the doctor continued his meets, which started in "Bond Street," our shopping street. The hunt grew, men and dogs,

now that the operations went on outside the camp. There were wonderful drives into the neighbourhood, of course accompanied by armed guards, who also developed an enthusiasm for rat hunting. There were lots of things to do once out of sight of the windows of the offices. Rats became very scarce and it was a job to show results. When a few were caught some had to be kept back to show for slack days. In fact, when things were very bad we had to buy a few rats to keep the hunt going. When the doctor began to include Charlottenburg, a mile away, in his drives, and the crowd of hunt followers increased, the authorities judged that the danger was past and cancelled the permits.

STEAK FOR DINNER!

ONE day word came from the kitchens that there was steak for dinner! Jockeys, professors, travellers, teachers, carpenters, footballers and golfers, music-hall artists and musicians gathered in groups to discuss the news, steak for dinner! Mind you, this was the third year of the war. Some prisoners had never drawn any rations, but steak! Yes, we would all go up for that.

We marched to the kitchens in barrack formation and certainly collected a piece of meat each. And the meat tasted good. That evening several were taken ill. By ten o'clock half the camp had made a journey to "Spandau" in acute agony. At midnight the place was crowded and in filthy overflow. Men sitting at their tables were suddenly taken short in terrible agony, and had to race away, only to collapse on the way to the lavatories. Their box-mates had to carry them to the bath-houses to be washed and have their clothes changed.

I was sitting in my bunk thinking how lucky I was when it seemed as if something tugged at my intestines. I ran—too late. I collapsed among scores of writhing and groaning men on the ground. Some lay still, too ill to move. The stench was terrible.

That steak caused a three days' epidemic of dysentery and left us as feeble as kittens. A large shipment of meat had been condemned by the Berlin sanitary authorities. So that it should not be wasted it was rationed to Ruhleben. It was a miracle that no more than three died. The occasion brought out the best from those unaffected. They washed and changed the clothes of the victims night and day until the epidemic had spent itself, the most unpleasant job one man could do for another.

THEY Had LIED ABOUT Their AGE

I Trained the Brave Youngsters Brought Back from the Trenches

by Major H. Cardinal-Harford

THE author had the unique experience of commanding a depot in France of about 1,000 boys who had been withdrawn from the line on account of poor physical development or because they had broken the rule that no lad under eighteen should be employed on active service. Many of these gallant youths had lied about their age and, as Major Cardinal-Harford points out, were already young veterans when their parents demanded their recall from the danger zone

I HAVE long thought that a tribute was due to those gallant young under-age soldiers who served in France and elsewhere. The Regulation was that no one could be accepted for service under 18 years of age, but many a fine-looking boy anxious to serve gave a false age, and in due course found himself in France playing a man's part in the mud and blood.

Eventually, in many cases (not all, by any means) the parents ascertained in one way or another where he was and made application to the War Office for his release, forwarding his birth certificate as evidence as to age. The boy in question was, in due course, sent back to England. The numbers, however, became so numerous that early in April 1917 the authorities decided that instead of returning them to England they should be collected together in France and trained there until they reached the age of 18, when they would be returned to their units.

I was at that time Adjutant to the West Yorks depot, 33 Infantry Base depot, Etaples, France. My C.O., Major Newton-King, the well-known Secretary to the Westward Ho Golf Club, instructed me one morning to report to Colonel F. J. Nason, O.C. Reinforcements, Etaples, who informed me as to what had been decided with reference to the young soldiers, and that I had been promoted to Major and selected for the Command. I left feeling a little apprehensive.

The depot selected was 26 Infantry Base depot, Etaples. I was given a free hand with regard to the selection of the staff to be formed from Base details, and gathered together a really fine set of N.C.O.s, all of whom had been wounded and were unfit for the Front. Amongst them was Regimental Sgt.-Major W. Fraser, of the Highland

Light Infantry, a very fine type of N.C.O. Also Sgt. Johnny Summers, the well-known boxer, former feather and welter champion of England, a good type of Englishman, who naturally was very popular with the boys.

The young soldiers began to arrive in half-dozens and dozens from all parts of the line: English, Scots, Welsh, Irish, and also some South African boys, chiefly from the Cape Town Highlanders; Lance-Corporals, Corporals, some with

Military Medal ribbons, tall boys, short boys, nondescript boys, many most indignant at being taken from their units. One extraordinary boy was Sgt. Connor, a pukka Sergeant, a serving soldier from, I think, the 2nd Lincolnshire Regt., aged 17½ years; and a most useful N.C.O. he proved to be. The arrivals were dirty and tired, but a good meal and 24 hours free from duty to rest and smarten themselves up made a vast difference.

A very large number of Scottish boys arrived, many from Glasgow and district—tough laddies, these. A Scottish Company was formed, comprised of Black Watch, Seaforth Highlanders, Gordons, Cameronians, and other famous Scots Regiments; also four other Companies: a Northern, with lads from Durham, Northumberland, Yorkshire, etc.; a Southern, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Hampshire, etc.; a Midland Company, and a mixed Company of Welsh, Irish, and the South African lads. They were a fine sight on parade.

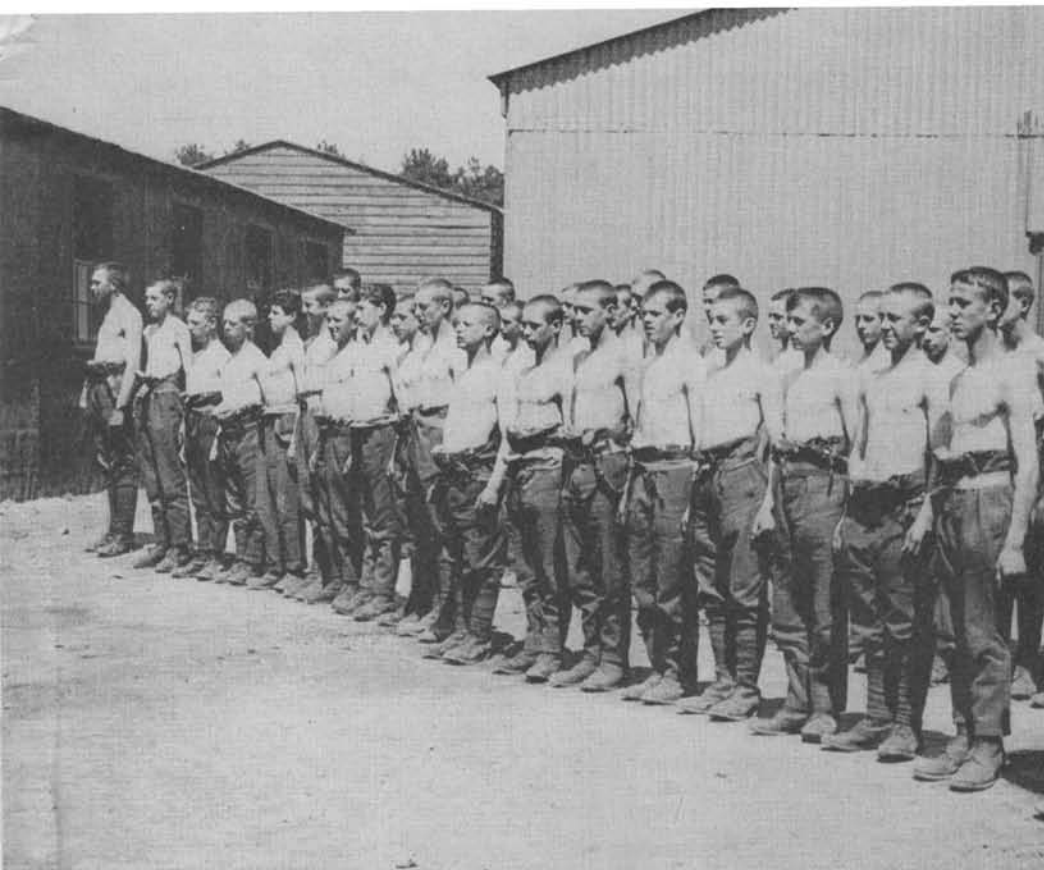
In addition to the under-age soldiers quite a number of lads 19 and 20 years of age arrived. They were known as Immatures, not up to chest measurement, delicate, etc. These lads received most careful treatment and were placed



THE BOYS OF THE YOUNG BRIGADE

As Major Cardinal-Harford shows in this chapter, the boys who enlisted by misrepresenting their age did in every respect honourably compare with the "boys of the old brigade." In the photograph above are non-commissioned officers, including two staff sergeants of No. 1 Coy, No. 5 Division of the "Under-age Battalion," photographed in February 1918 after the training camp had been moved from Etaples to Cayeux.

Photo, Major Cardinal-Harford



TENDER IN YEARS BUT TOUGH IN SPIRIT

Here boys of the "Under-age Battalion" are lined up for a medical inspection on July 18, 1918, and they did not all get past the doctor, as Major Cardinal-Harford states. A glance down the line shows a row of very boyish faces and it is an astonishing fact that these growing lads had faced the horrors of the front line, had in some cases been decorated for bravery, and were anxious to get back to their units, inspired by the spirit of adventure and patriotism.

Imperial War Museum

under the care of a very keen R.A.M.C. Officer, Colonel Dennis. Their weight, chest measurements, etc., were taken and they were examined about every three weeks and a marked improvement could soon be noticed, resulting from plenty of good food and steady training.

The numbers in due course reached between 1,000 and 1,200, and a nice packet of trouble seemed collected together—but not a bit of it. We were a really happy lot and there was never any trouble: a fine group of N.C.O.s whom the boys respected, and the boys themselves were a good lot of sportsmen who took everything with a smile.

I found myself handicapped by a shortage of N.C.O.s for such numbers, and got over the difficulty by giving to the best of the youngsters acting rank and the privileges pertaining to that rank. When the boy left to join his unit, he left with his stripes up and a chit to his C.O. to the effect that he had carried out the duties as an N.C.O. with efficiency, a privilege much appreciated.

The boys worked hard: three mornings a week in the "Bull Ring," bayonet fighting, drill, trench work, etc.; the rest of the week they were in my hands to train, with route marches (not too much pack), drill, sham fights, cricket, football, lectures which I gave

myself on all sorts of subjects, and concerts. Sgt. Summers started boxing competitions, and some really good material was soon discovered. Summers carefully arranged the weights and watched to see that no boy was out-classed. The National Boxing Association were most kind in sending me every month two medals, one silver and one bronze, to be boxed for, and these were much prized by those who won them.

ONE of the Sergeants had been a music-hall artist, and he was soon on the look-out for talent, with the result that we were able to form a really good Concert Party. We obtained costumes from England. This Concert Party was known as "Our Boys" and gave many fine shows at the other depots and hospitals. Our football team was also first class.

Amongst these boys there were naturally many different characters, coming as they did from widely different walks in life; but it was wonderful how they all welded together; for instance, a great couple of friends was a Scots boy from Glasgow, who had sold papers in the street from an early age, and a boy from a distinguished family who had run away at sixteen from a famous public school.

Taken all through, it was indeed a case of "All for one and one for all," and we had team work of the best in all we undertook.

When mutiny (which was followed by drastic reforms) broke out at Etaples in September 1917, caused by the intolerable system at the "Bull Ring," the boys showed their loyalty and appreciation for all we had tried to do for them. None of them took part in the rioting, which lasted practically a week, with the result that not one of them found himself in trouble—not bad for our 900 boys in Camp, and who might well have been expected to get out of hand.

TO FRESH QUARTERS

WE had been established nine months at Etaples when, at Christmas 1917, rumours came that we were to move. These rumours proved to be correct. Early in January (1918) we moved to No. 5 Convalescent Camp at Cayeux, situated at the mouth of the Somme.

The camp was a very large one, beautifully situated quite close to the sea-shore, with very fine sands. It was under the command of an R.A.M.C. Colonel, and was for men of all branches of the Service who had been in hospital and were not yet for the line. We occupied part of this camp, and the boys were from a medical point of view under the Colonel in question, but otherwise were in my hands for training.

Our particular medical officer was a Captain P. Mackenzie (now Colonel), a most popular officer, a great sportsman and one who took a very great interest in his charges. We were also fortunate in having a V.C., a Captain from the Cheshire Regiment, sent us as Physical Instructor. He did most useful work and was much liked.

Our work went on as at Etaples, except that there was no "Bull Ring," for which I was devoutly thankful.

Every opportunity to bathe in the sea was taken, a pleasure which a great many of the boys had never had in their lives; no bathing had been allowed at Etaples, as it was not considered safe. I always took the bathing parade, and what might have been a sad tragedy took place one morning. Whilst all were enjoying themselves in the water, including myself, bullets began to whip the water and fly among us. I at once blew my whistle and all made for the shore. By good fortune no one was hit, although some 400 boys were bathing. It appears that an Infantry Battalion out of the line, resting at St. Valery-sur-Mer, had been taken for firing practice and had started

firing quite unaware that there was a bathing party in the vicinity. Care was taken that no such mistake could occur again.

VERY few new boys were now arriving, the rush was over; but, on the other hand, the monthly parade, which had always been held, continued. This was the parade for those who had reached the age of 18 and Immatures who had been passed fit. These were sent to their various depots in France, en route to join their units. It was a parade which I hated, they were such lads, and one found oneself much drawn to them; and one hated to think, after the happy days we had spent together, that they were once more on the way to the Front Line with all its horrors. It was indeed strange, and almost unbelievable, looking at their youthful faces, to realize that all had served in the trenches and that Fate had decreed that they should again be due to return to them, instead of to the fair playing fields of their own country, to play football and cricket.

I should very much like to take the opportunity of sending my kind remembrances to all those many hundreds of gallant lads who passed through my hands and to thank them for their loyalty and good sportsmanship to me at all times. The happy memory of them will always be with me.



PLAYTIME CAME AFTER THE TRENCHES

The wise efforts made to give the "Under-age Battalion" a good time as well as a thorough training for war at Etaples and later at Cayeux are described by Major Cardinal-Harford in this chapter. Above is one of the football teams, and below a pierrot troupe who called themselves "The B'Hoys." Major Cardinal-Harford is the left-hand officer of the two seen in the centre row in both photographs.

Photo, Major Cardinal-Harford



DEATH of a GREAT HUNTER

I Saw Captain Selous Fall in Battle

by Captain Angus Buchanan, M.C.

FROM the opening of the German East African campaign one of the outstanding figures was that great old British hunter, Captain Selous. He had fought in earlier Matabele campaigns, and though in his sixties he joined the British forces in 1914, won the D.S.O., and met his death on the field of battle on January 4, 1917, at the age of 65. Captain Buchanan here movingly describes the events of this tragic day, on which occurred some of the fiercest fighting of the campaign

THE last weeks of the year 1916 marked various activities on our front, in preparation for another advance. Trees were felled in large numbers in the river neighbourhood, and with such crude timber more than one stout bridge was thrown across the Mgeta River, opposite our camps.

Away, even to Kirengwe, ten miles west of the old boma, a party of us went out to cut a twelve-foot road through an otherwise impenetrable forest belt, in preparation for a wide flank advance. In those last weeks of the year, also, some of us did considerable reconnaissance work, and were interested in gaining as much knowledge

as possible of the enemy's country across the river, particularly in the direction of Wiransi hill, which was on the enemy's line of retreat from Dakawa.

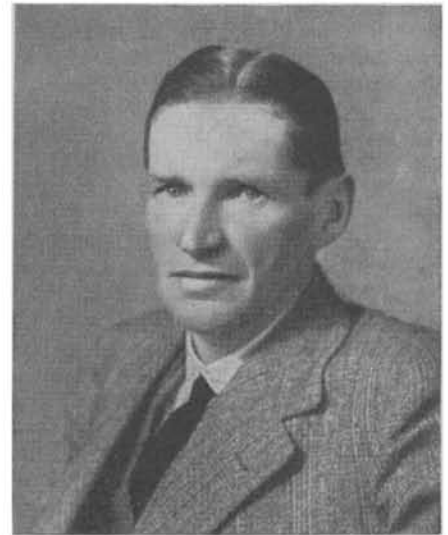
SUPPLIES, too, had improved; and our forces were strengthened and augmented by other units. Captain Selous, who had been invalided home to England some months before, arrived in camp on the 16th of December with a draft of 150 fresh men; and at a time when our effective strength was very much reduced through sickness and exhaustion.

Selous looked hale and hearty, and the grand old man he was. How fine

BRAVE SOLDIER AND MIGHTY HUNTER

Frederick Selous, whose fine death is described in this chapter, first went to Africa in 1871 at the age of twenty, and until he was nearly forty he hunted big game on behalf of natural history collections. He fought in the Matabele War in 1892, when he was wounded, and took part in quelling the Matabele rising in 1896. Selous was the original of the hero of Rider Haggard's famous novel "Allan Quatermain." He wrote several books describing his adventures as a big game hunter.

Photopress



AN EXPLORER AT WAR

Though an architect by profession, Captain Angus Buchanan has spent most of his life as an explorer, and hurried home from the Arctic to join the Army on the outbreak of war. After the war he twice explored the Sahara in search of zoological specimens and scientific data.

Elliott & Fry

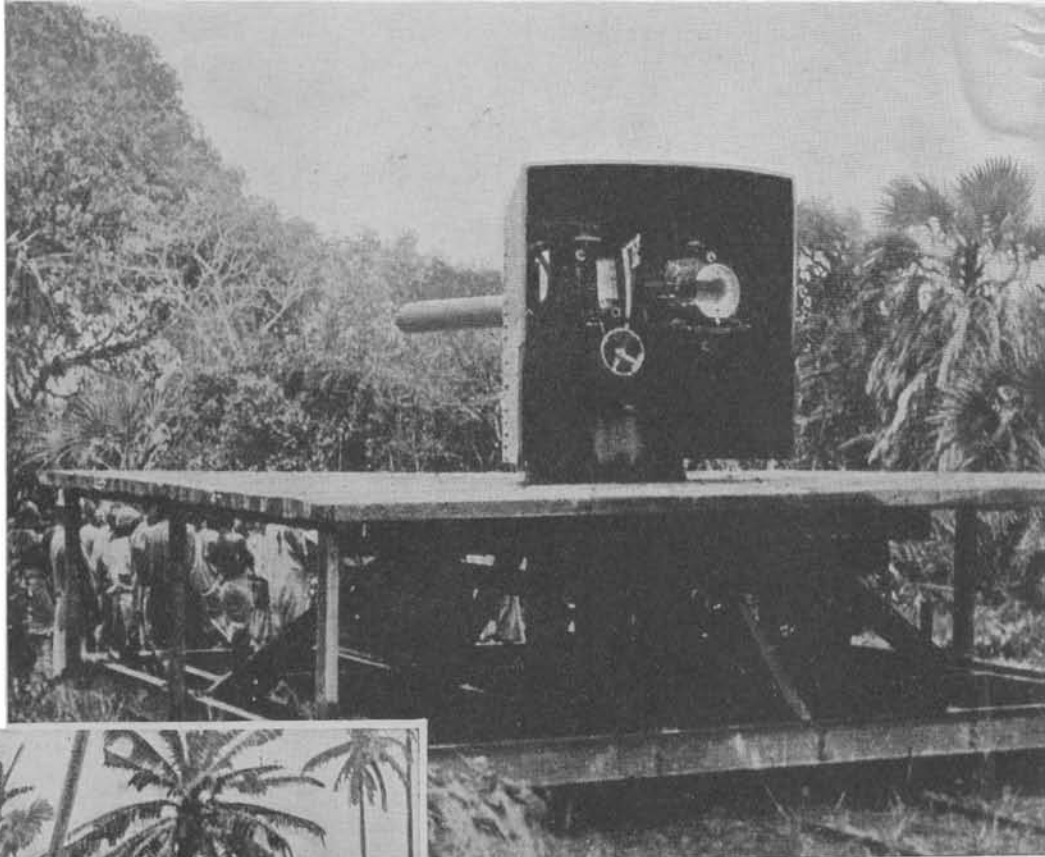
an example of loyalty he gave, in thus, at his great age, returning again to the front to fight his country's battles! It was pleasant to see him back amongst us again, for his own sake, and for the additional joy of hearing directly of the old country, and of how we were faring in the great war at home. Of course, talk drifted to hunting, and we had to exchange news since last we met: he of a large butterfly collection which he had collected in the first year and had taken home, and we of our hunting since he left. Meantime, machine-gun porters were building the Bwana M'Kubwa (the Big Master) a grass "banda," and soon Selous was comfortably sheltered among us. I mention this because it was here, at the old Kissaki boma, that Selous was destined to have his last brief rest from travel, his last sleep in comfort, ere he met his death on the field of battle some two weeks later.

ON the 20th of December it was known that a move was anticipated, and preparations for trekking were commenced. It was decided, in due course, that we advance on the 27th, but on that date, and on the day previous, heavy rains fell and the move was postponed, while at the same time it was reported that, owing to the storm, our heavy guns were stuck on the road beyond Tulo. If rains continued it would be most unfortunate. Undoubtedly the wet season was near, and, I remember, Selous had grave doubts

of the weather at this period, and feared that the whole operation might be stopped, for he knew the swift change the big rains would bring about, and how flooded and impassable the country would become. However, after five days of rain, the weather cleared somewhat, and we had orders on New Year's Eve that tomorrow the Mgeta position would be attacked.

Meantime, on the 30th, a column, under General Beves, moved through our camp en route to Kissaki Fort and thence to Kirengwe, to advance, away on the right flank, on Mkalinso on the Rufiji River.

The early morning of New Year's Day found our forces across the river at points along a twenty-mile-wide front, and attacking the enemy's



FINAL KICKS OF THE KONIGSBERG'S GUNS

Out of the 60 guns which were all that von Lettow-Vorbeck had in East Africa, ten were taken from the wrecked cruiser Königsberg lying in the Rufiji River. They were of 4.1 in. calibre and above two of them are seen in 1917 mounted on movable platforms, one camouflaged. Five of these guns were dragged on local vehicles, a distance of 100 miles, to Dar-es-Salaam, and others were taken even greater distances. The ammunition for them was recovered from the Königsberg's magazine by divers.

Central Press

elaborate entrenchments wherever they were known to exist.

Under the direction of General Sheppard, the fighting on our column took place opposite Dakawa. Part of the force made a frontal attack on the enemy's first-line trenches, and the remainder, after crossing the river by the new bridge south of our camp, advanced from a westerly direction, and

successfully intercepted the enemy in their retirement from their first line on to their second line. Here hand-to-hand fighting ensued, and the foiled enemy Askaris three times charged with fixed bayonets in their attempts to break through in ordered formation, but in all they were defeated and scattered in the bush, in the end to escape in disorder.

The 130th Baluchis did splendidly in this fighting and bore the brunt of the attack. Losses on both sides were severe, as a result of the closeness and the fierceness of the fighting. Toward noon the fighting on our front had eased off, and, with the enemy scattered and in full retreat in the bush, we continued southward on the Behobebo road, camping at 11.30 p.m., when the column had advanced some fifteen miles, and was in touch with our force in occupation of Wiransi: for a small detachment, travelling through the bush the previous night, had surprised and captured Wiransi early in the day, taking some white prisoners and some stores.

During the day operations to our east had been progressing with equal success. On the centre General Cunliffe, with the Nigerians, had advanced from Nkessa's out to Kiderengwe, clearing the enemy from the strong entrenchments before him on the south bank of the Mgeta River.

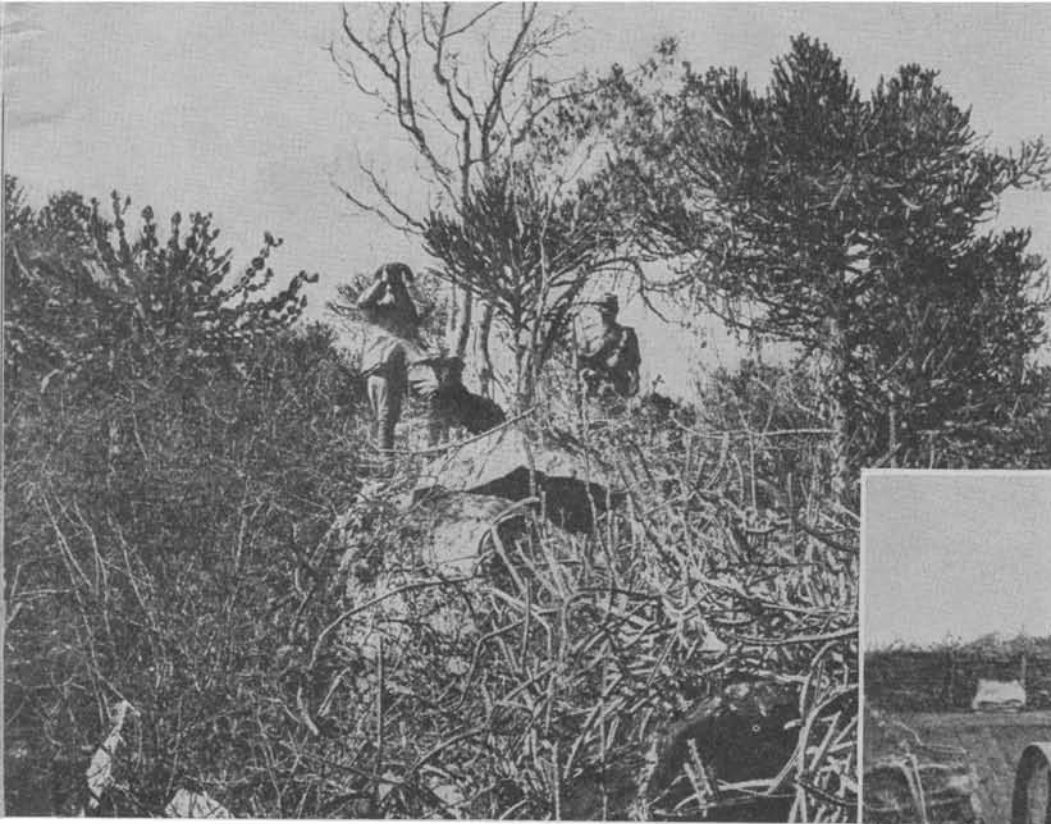
On the left flank, a column under General Lyall made a hard cross-country trek in crossing westerly from Kiruru to cut the Duthumi-Kiderengwe road, on reaching which they intercepted enemy retiring from before the central force. Among other incidents during the fighting, a company from this column charged and captured one of the renowned 4.1 Königsberg guns.

Thus evening found the whole network of entrenchments on the Mgeta River front—so long the halting-place of operations—completely in our hands, and the enemy in full retreat.

WORLD WAR

IN THE HEART

OF AFRICA



The difficult country in which the East African campaign was fought is well shown in these three photographs taken in 1917. Above is a camouflaged outpost around which Nature has done much to help the work. Right, a Naval gun is being got into position. Big guns were very difficult to move through such country for they had to be drawn by teams of natives, no tractive power being available. Below, men of the British forces are standing by an outpost. Among them are British and Indian troops and men of the King's African Rifles, who took a gallant part in the fighting.

Photopress



The night of 1st January passed uneventfully. Bugless, drumless "Reveille"—silent as always in enemy country—was at 4.30 a.m., and we trekked soon afterwards, but only into Wiransi, where we halted until 4 o'clock in the evening; then continuing, we advanced out on the Behobeho track some three or four miles, before striking off south-westerly through tall grass and fairly open bush in the direction of the Fuga hills.

AIDED by the light of a full moon, the column kept on until midnight, when the hitherto level bush became more uneven, and thick bush belts were encountered among low hills and "dongas" of rough gravel surface. Halt was called in a fairly clear space of tall grass, but almost immediately exclamations of pain and acute irritation were heard on all sides from much-provoked individuals, and the air was literally full of abuse—we had camped among a swarm of fighting ants, who straightway attacked the bare legs and arms and faces of everyone in no half-hearted manner, but with all the malice of their angered millions. It was suggested that we move to another camping ground at once, but no order came to that effect, and by and by, when the attacks abated, we dropped off to sleep, one by one, too tired to continue to kill the more vengeful of the ants that still bit deep into quivering weather-toughened skins.

Next day we continued on, but made progress slowly in the neighbourhood of Mount Fuga, hampered by river-beds and their precipitous descents and ascents. We put in a trying day's trek, considerably exhausted by the heat and oppressive atmosphere of the enclosed bush, and finally made camp at dusk between Mount Fuga and Behobeho, which was known to be occupied by the enemy.

IN conjunction with our force a column to the east was advancing on the Behobeho track, and we heard that column in action. We, on our part, now outflanked the enemy from the west.

On 4th January we moved before daylight and slowly headed in towards Behobeho. An hour or two later we made a prolonged halt, and lay hidden under cover of the bush in widely extended formation, while north-east we could hear the other column in heavy action. Anxiously we waited—impatiently—but no enemy fell into the ambush. After a time scouts, who had been watching the track which was but a short distance ahead, hurriedly reported that enemy in scattered forces were retiring along it. We then moved

forward on the track-road, to take up positions closely viewing it.

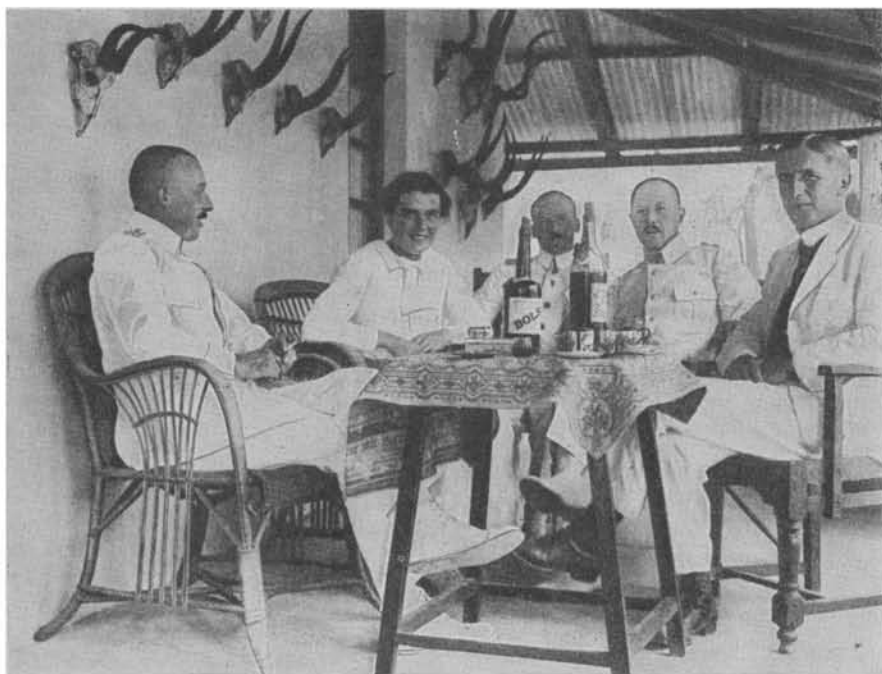
As we drew near to the road some enemy were seen approaching. On these we immediately opened machine-gun and rifle fire, surprising them completely, and inflicting severe casualties. Notwithstanding this they retaliated, gamely enough for a little, but our firing wore them down, and soon those that remained were silent, and fleeing in the bush. We were now astride the road in the rear of enemy forces, but to the wily foe, aided by the nature of the country, this only meant the brief blocking of their line of retreat. They would, and did, avoid the danger in their path by taking to the wide area of vacant bush to the east of the track, and scattered there to meet at some prearranged rendezvous, in a distant zone of safety.

Meantime, having cut on to the track very close to the village of Behobeho—which we later learned harboured a large German camp—a lively action soon developed with forces entrenched before the village. Directly north of the level ground on which Behobeho is situated there are some low, gravel-covered ridges, facing the village, and those we advanced on to, and there a line was established, while fierce fighting continued for some hours, with our men lying on the almost red-hot ground of

the ridge crests, beneath a scorching, merciless sun.

Men who had been exposed to African sun for nigh on two years and were skin-hardened and browned to the colour of leather, nevertheless suffered serious sunburn, and were blistered and peeled like delicately skinned children on the following day, so great had been the heat reflected from the white gravel crystals on which they had lain. It was a trying fight in other uncommon ways, for though we were in fair positions against the enemy before the village, we were fully exposed to sniping from the tall trees which shaded the village, and we suffered a considerable part of our casualties on that account.

It was here that Captain Selous was killed, when commanding his company in attack. His death caused a deep-felt whisper of gravity and regret to pass along the line of faithful soldiers, who loved him in uncommon manner, as their officer and as their grand old fearless man. Here occurred an incident which speaks volumes for Selous's understanding of natives—on the just consideration of whom he held strong opinions, and a broad generous view of kindness toward untutored humanity in any form, tempered with the latent authority of a strong man.



HIS ESCUTCHEON AT LEAST HAD NO STAIN

Among the Germans who are remembered by the men who fought against them as brave and chivalrous foes the name of Colonel Count von Lettow-Vorbeck, commanding the German Forces in German East Africa, stands high. He is seen above, on the extreme left of the photograph, with some of his staff. He did not surrender until November 13, 1918, when the news that Germany had agreed to an Armistice reached him. Count von Lettow-Vorbeck has been in London since the war as a guest of British soldiers who fought against him in East Africa.

Imperial War Museum



AFRICAN SOLDIERS OF THE KING

At the time of which Captain Buchanan writes, the British forces held only the north bank of the Rufiji River, but during the following ten days the enemy were driven across the river, and the British troops, holding an important crossing, were able to move "as occasion required." Above, during January 1918 men of the King's African Rifles are on the march on the south bank of the river, but, as can be seen, the going was not good.

Imperial War Museum

When Selous was killed, his native servant, Ramazani—who had been a gun-bearer of Selous's before the war—was overcome with grief and swore to avenge his master's death, and through the remainder of the engagement he exposed himself in absolute fearlessness in his grim rage against the foe. At the end of the day he claimed with conviction that he had killed the man who had killed his master.

ABOUT 4 p.m. Behobeho was occupied and the enemy in full retreat to Rufiji, which was now but another day's march farther on. Later in the evening the eastern column, which had had severe fighting in dislodging the enemy from entrenched positions on the road farther back, joined our force here. At Behobeho Captain Selous and a few of the

faithful "lean brown men" were buried in the shade of a great baobab tree.

Thus the famous hunter finished a career that had been full of great risks and great adventures, fighting for his country, at the age of sixty-five years—seeing through his last undertaking in Africa as, perhaps, he would have chosen it should be, for this was the continent he had explored the outer frontiers of, more than any other living man, and in the early days, when Africa was "darkest" Africa, and primitive races and strange diseases far more difficult to contend with than they are today. Here he had found his life's work and had risen to renown; and here, on the soil of Africa, he was destined to die.

The next four days, being wounded,

I remained behind, and missed our occupation of the north bank of the great Rufiji River. But bandaged, and fit but for a crippled left "wing," I was able to rejoin my battalion at Kibambawe, and again take on my machine-gun command, which was otherwise without an officer, since few remained fit at this stage. I found all our forces on the banks of the Rufiji, and dug in against the enemy away across the marsh-banked stream which had a width of from 700 to 1,000 yards.

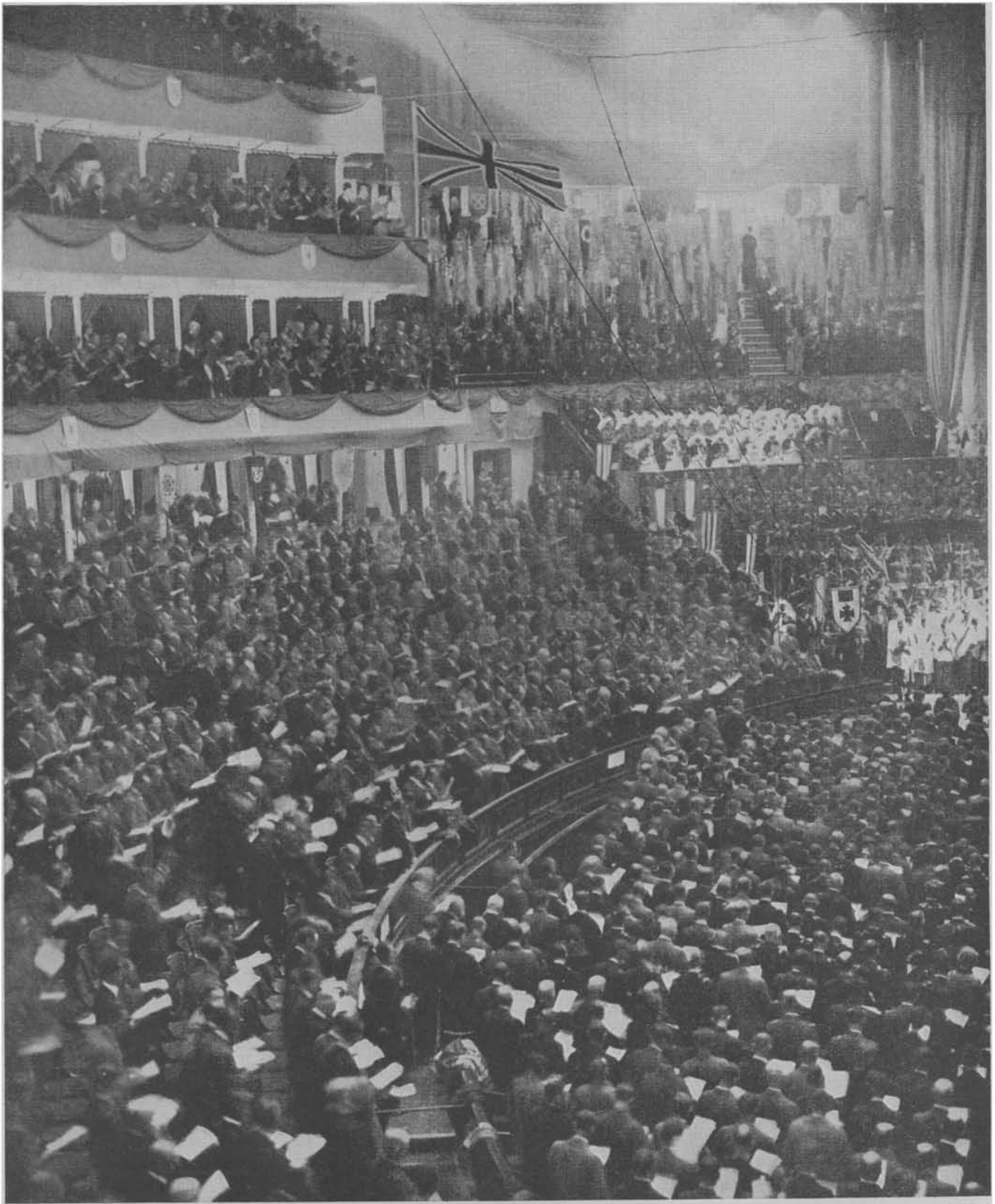
THE opposite bank had been subjected to searching machine-gun fire during the first two days, and now the enemy were quiet, and to effect a crossing of our forces we—and also the western column, which had reached Mkalinso—were apparently but waiting the construction of rafts and the arrival of the row-boats which were being brought up, all this distance inland, from Dar-es-Salaam to surmount the difficulty of bridging this river. However, our battalion remained but three more mildly eventful days on the Rufiji front: then, being relieved, we had to commence a long fourteen days' march back to Morogoro, there to enter rest-camp and, ultimately, some time later, to be sent from Dar-es-Salaam to South Africa to recuperate for three months at "the Cape."

The big rains were approaching. It transpired that they broke on 25th January, soon after our forces had crossed and effected a lodgement on the south shores of the Rufiji—and there active operations ended for some months while the country was deluged with torrential tropical rains. As a dispatch of Gen. Hoskins, then commanding the E. African Forces, stated:

"By the 27th January the lines of communication from Mikessa (on the Central Railway) to Kibambawe were interrupted by the washing away of bridges and the flooding of roads, and operations in all areas were henceforth seriously hampered by the untimely rains.

"In the Mgeta and Rufiji valleys roads constructed with much skill and labour, over which motor transport ran continually in January, were traversed with difficulty and much hardship a month later by porters wading for miles in water above their waists."

To native regiments was left the unpleasant task of "holding on" under those dreadfully trying conditions, and there they remained, through the months to come, marooned on their little bits of dry islands, with flood water ankle deep around them; while we, lucky people, were out of it for the time being, and were at last to enjoy rest and change, and to witness, in South Africa, the civilization and society to which our long-bushed eyes and minds had been estranged for nigh on two years.



Sport and General

THEY HAD ANSWERED THEIR COUNTRY'S CALL

Above is the scene at the Festival of Empire and Remembrance in the Royal Albert Hall which closes the Armistice Day celebrations in London. It has been attended on many occasions by members of the Royal Family and forms a spectacle of remarkable impressiveness. It opens with the entry of the British Legion Standards and then follow the entry of Chelsea Pensioners, Women's War Services, and the Nursing Services. The entry of the Union Jack with the banners of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, the entry of the Divisional Signs, the March of the Services and the entry of the Rising Generation, follow until the vast hall is filled from floor to ceiling and the platform is a blaze of colour.



'LAST POST' IS SOUNDED NIGHTLY AT THE MENIN GATE

W. A. Davis, copyright A.P. Ltd.

Among all the British War Memorials in France and Belgium none recalls more poignant memories than the great arch of the Menin Gate at Ypres, which records the names of nearly 60,000 men who lost their lives in the Salient. Beneath the arch every night in the year at nine o'clock the Last Post is sounded by two Belgian buglers as a tribute to the dead. Above is the scene at this unique celebration. The Surrey County Branches of the British Legion provided the fund to endow it, and the silver bugles on which the Last Post is sounded were given by the Queen's Royal (West Surrey) Regiment.

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The Editor's Note-Book

(Continued from page ii)

impossibility to include in the pages of I WAS THERE more than a certain proportion of the regiments and battalions who were there.

A NOTE from Mr. C. W. Crawford is further evidence of the careful reading of I WAS THERE in which so many delight—especially when they have reason to believe that their own particular "crowd" may come in for mention.

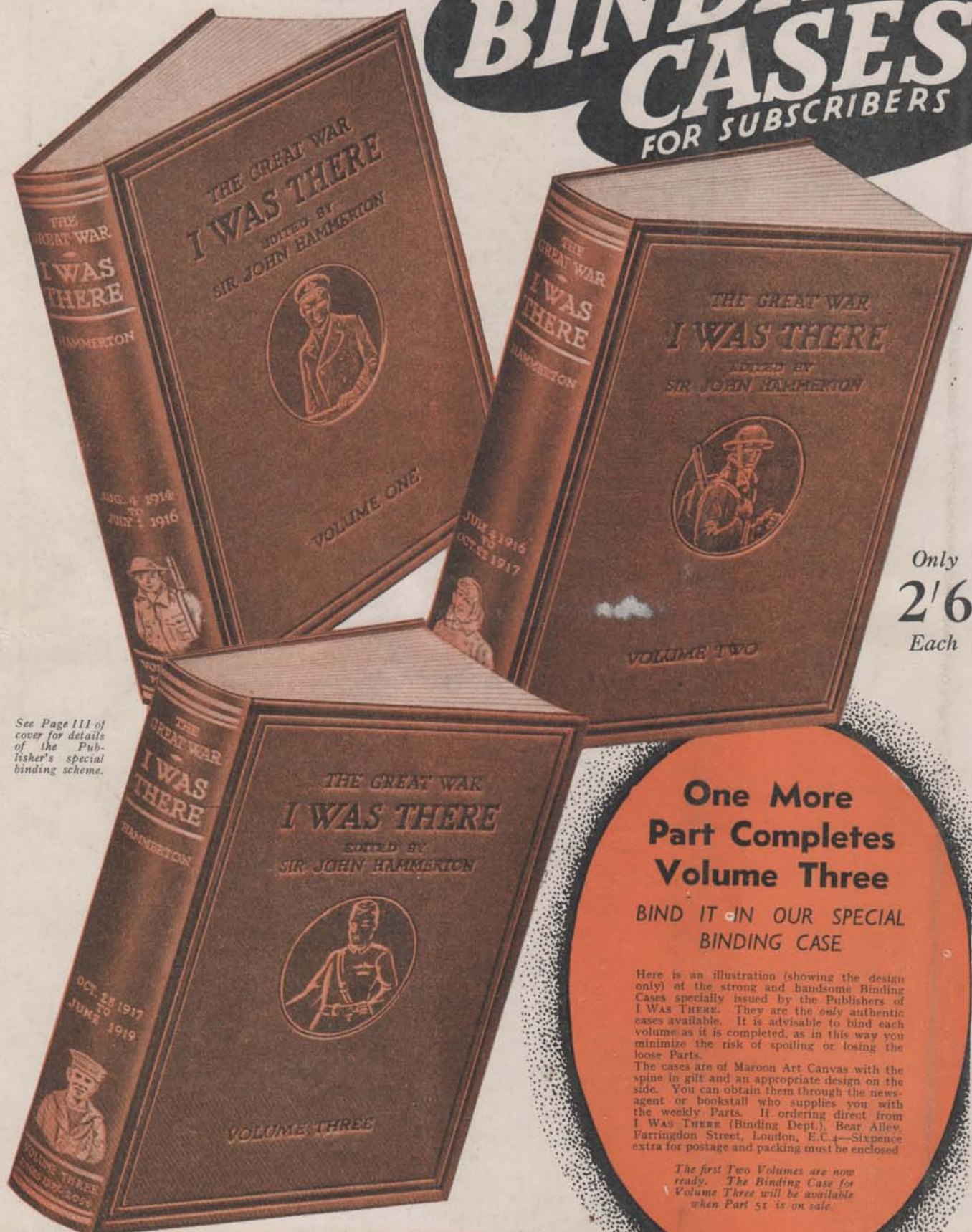
"In Part 39 Mr. Judd writes about Carey's Force holding Chaumes station, on the right of the 24th Division. I should like to point

out that the remnants of the 24th Division Machine Gun Batt. were holding Chaumes station before they came up, and had been in action between the railway to Péronne and Nesle the day before in the open."

A GRENADIER Guardsman who was not only "there," but also, it seems, "in it up to the neck," was Mr. O. Ricketts :

"In 'Leaves from the Editor's Notebook,' Part 40, Mr. Bacon is quite right when he thought the Guards took Lesboeufs. The 1st Batt. G.G. took Lesboeufs on Sept. 25th, 1916. Our jumping-off point was Ginchy; the 1st Batt. was the third wave to go over. We advanced to within forty yards of a sugar factory at Lesboeufs after covering about half a mile, and dug in, being relieved by the Irish Guards the same night. Just before getting relieved we lost our C.O., Capt. Drury Lowe, who was hit by a shell while comparing notes with an officer on our right."

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